

# Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

VOL. XIII. NO. 3.

TRENTON, N. J., NOVEMBER, 1900.

5 CENTS A COPY

## A Romance of Far Away Cuba.

"NO, I have not the heart to leave you behind me, dear; for who can say what may happen to you during my long and uncertain absence?" a deep toned, manly voice was heard to plead. "Ask of me anything save this."

"Do you take me for a coward?" put in a sweet, musical voice. "For myself, I can never feel any regard for my mother-country, since she has been so needlessly cruel to us. Besides, Cuba needs your assistance; you are a strong, healthy man, and there is no reason why you should hesitate a moment longer. Indeed, come what may, you must go! I could never be happy here with a man afraid to risk his life and his all in the cause of his country."

"But," persisted the first speaker, "it seems such a hopeless struggle."

"True," replied the other, "but if our cause be just, have we any reason to despair of its success? Let us rather hope that in a little while our long cherished dream will be realized."

The above conversation was overheard between two young persons—a handsome, stalwart man of twenty-four, and a tall, slender girl of some nineteen summers or more. They were seated on an old-fashioned Spanish verandah, near a large open window that allowed the bright rays of a lamp from within to fall fully upon them. At a glance one could exclaim, "What a handsome couple!" But there was something peculiarly odd in the manner of the girl. She had a voice uncommonly low and attractive, yet there was about it a seeming defect, which almost marred its sweetness. Whenever the young man spoke, she was noticed to watch the movements of his lips, and sometimes even little signs passed between them.

What could be the matter?

Nina Carrilio—for this was the girl's name—was the youngest child of a well-to-do family. When at the early age of seven, she contracted scarlet fever, which deprived her of her hearing. This was a great blow to the proud parents.

With the aid of her brother she practised talking and reading the movements of the lips, in which, after much diligent work, she became proficient.

One evening Juan DuBosc, the hero of this tale, was present at a ball given in honour of some young folks, and it was there he met the ideal woman of all his dreams, and like all other such men, who have met their ideals, succumbed to his fate.

"Who is that beautiful girl with the pearl necklace?" he asked of the young hostess.

"Why, don't you know?" she replied. "She is Miss Nina Carrilio, about whom everybody is talking; but," she added, by way of precaution, don't go and lose your heart to her, as she is deaf."

It mattered nothing to Juan DuBosc, however, one of the wealthy men in that town. So in the following year he pleaded his suit, but she refused him, and the above conversation took place.

"After the war," continued Nina, "I will give you a 'yes' if you may still desire me. But —"

"Oh, Nina, dear, don't be so cruel! I love you too dearly for that; and besides, this cruel war may separate us for ever," broke in the young man. "I am willing to give one half—nay, my whole wealth to this war if I may but remain near you."

"True, your money may help to keep the men from starving, but I am told you have great influence among the rich aristocracy, as well as among others, and if you only enlist, why, you will do better."

"I see you are testing me," he said, in a voice



A NOVEMBER BEAUTY.

that betrayed only too well his emotions. "I repeat, you are all my life to me, and, since you will it, to-morrow I start for the front. Now, farewell, my little sweetheart!"

A year had gone by since Juan DuBosc had parted from his Nina, and a long, trying year it had been to her, for during all this weary while not a word to cheer and comfort her had ever come from him.

One bright summer day, however, as Mrs. Carrilio sat, half-musingly embroidering a large piece of white muslin, she dropped her work all of a sudden, and ran breathlessly to the window. Hark! what could it be—that indistinct thud, thud, thud? Nearer and nearer it came. At last a horse and rider came into full view, and finally stopped at Mrs. Carrilio's residence.

Out rushed Nina, followed by her mother.

"Why, mother, it is—it is Juan—Juan DuBosc!"

And so it was. But as he dismounted he fell fainting to the ground, and, for the first time, it was seen that his right side was all covered with blood. Poor Nina! who could picture that agonizing look? She stood as one stupefied as kind hands tenderly carried the wounded man into the

house.

When Juan returned to consciousness, he instantly cried, "For God's sake, lose no time! get me a fresh horse. I must be off at once! I am trusted with a most important commission for Colonel Lecret, at Sevilla. Upon it hangs the destiny of all our hope, and—" but he fell back unconscious again.

When he came to himself Mrs. Carrilio positively said he could not go, and, since he could not, who was there to do it for him.

Then Nina, for the first time, threw her arms around Juan, and whispered, "Would to God I were a man! But rest easy, darling, for the message shall be sent. I will get a fresh horse," and out of the door she quickly darted.

Two minutes later the galloping of a horse was heard. Juan gave a sigh of relief; and a servant came in announcing that Senorita Nina Carrilio had gone for a ride.

It was late in the afternoon; Nina was still galloping along. Away in the distance a small cloud could be seen looming up; darker and darker it grew, finally enveloping the entire heavens in one dark, dismal shroud. Then came deep peals of thunder, low and rumbling at first, but now loud and terrible. Bright flashes of lightning darted now here, now there, performing, as it were, all kinds of grotesque antics over the dark mass. Then came the rain, first in little drops, then almost in torrents. Ah! what a night to be alone in the dark, silent forest! Yet onward sped the noble horse, bearing the brave girl. She never once paused to look back, and her head was bent forward, as she urged the horse to a still quicker speed. Her thoughts were too busy as to how soon she would meet Colonel Lecret, and whether she would be in time to avail anything, to think of fear.

"Halt! who goes there?" cried the stern voice of an outpost-guard. But as she could not hear, and it being too dark to see anything, she sped on regardless of the challenge.

Bang!—the clear report of a rifle range out on the still night air, as soon as her horse was brought to a standstill. Soldiers, most of them fresh from a gentle sleep, surrounded her, lest she prove a spy and try to escape.

But Nina quickly dismounted, unbraided her long, fair locks, and from them took the message. She was then led to the tent of Colonel Lecret.

"You, Senorita Carrilio, of all the girls, and at this time of night!" cried the genial old colonel, as he recognized in her the daughter of his bosom friend.

She did not make reply, however, but silently handed him the papers. As he read his face became paler.

"To arms! men, to arms!" he commanded. "Lose not a minute's time!"

A kind of pell-mell reigned throughout the camp after this. The order, coupled with the mysterious appearance of Senorita, flew from mouth to mouth. All were kept guessing as to its purport, none, however surmising that it was of so much significance as it really was: for upon it hinged the fate of Cuba, unless some powerful nation would in the end lend a helping hand.

In a short time all were ready.

Colonel Lacret, with Senorita Carrilio riding besides him, led the men back. On the way they were told the name of the young girl and her mission.

"Three cheers for Senorita Carrilio and Juan DuBosc, boys!" proposed a gruff, kindly voice, and the hills around returned a long, reverberating shout.

At Nina's home Colonel Lacret alighted, and took the now half fainting heroine to the arms of her mother, who was almost driven to distraction by her daughter's long absence. He then went to the bedside of Juan, and taking both the young man's hands in his own, said in a kind, cheerful voice, "You must hurry up and get well, my brave boy. Your betrothed is a girl whom the whole island of Cuba will be proud of. Even General Gomez shall know of this, and I shall see to it you get your reward. Would there were more such girls as Nina, *deaf or hearing*, among our women." And he was gone.

A week had passed by, during which time Nina had tenderly nursed her wounded lover, hardly ever absenting herself from his sight; but instead of getting better, he grew worse and worse.

"Darling," he almost whispered, "you won't grieve for me when I am gone. I had hoped for the better, but it does not matter now. In a little while, an hour or two at the best, I shall have passed from you for ever. Oh, my love, it is so hard, so hard, to part from you! My sweetest, my happiest moments have been those of my last, although shadowed by the grave. Oh, but for one—" He paused, a tear stood in his dark, bright eye, but he quickly brushed it aside and continued, "My mother, when she died, gave me this ring, and bade me wear it till I found the bride of my heart. You, Nina dear, are the only woman who ever appealed to me as worthy of my love. Take the ring, for it is yours, and wear it for the sake of one who loved you only too well."

He paused and leaned back on his pillow, a bright smile lighting up his pale, handsome face.

Just then a messenger came into the room, and delivered to Juan a note from Colonel Lacret. It told of the glorious victory they had won, how all Cuba was singing the praises of the young hero and heroine, and expressed the earnest prayer that he might be spared to fight again battles for Cuba's freedom.

The bright smile on Juan's face spread as Nina sobbingly read the note. When she had ceased, he drew her to him and said, "Oh, Nina, what a glorious day for Cuba libre it has been. And think of it, dear, we owe it all to my little heroine. Surely, I am doubly grateful to you for showing me where my duty lay, and, even though it cost me my life, I would not have it differently. Farewell—dar—ling!"

"Hush! don't recall that fatal day when, I sent you from me," cried Nina. "Oh, if it could be different, how happy I would be! But why are you so still? Speak to me! oh, speak to me!" she cried.

But, alas! he heard her not. He had passed forever from her loving arms. But on his pale face there lingered that happy smile.—F. W. B., '02, in "Buff and Blue."

#### THE SPELLING REFORM.

Dr. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools, believes that the cause of spelling reform can be served by a gradual introduction of reformed spelling in accordance with the recommendation of the American Philological Association. Accordingly, he has advised his teachers to use the twelve words recommended by the National Educational Association, as follows:

thoro for thorough.  
thorofare for thoroughfare.  
thru for through.  
thruout for throughout.  
catalog for catalogue.  
prolog for prologue.  
decalog for decalogue.  
demogog for demagogue.  
pedagog for pedagogue.

A young maiden will laugh as a tender flower will blow—ay, and a lad will like her the better for it.—Woodstock.

#### Pennsylvania.

IT is an established custom, and an eminently good one, to commemorate great historical events, founder's days, and birthday anniversaries of men who have rendered distinguished services to their country in the public schools of this city at each recurring period. The idea of this custom plainly is to arouse the youthful mind to a sense of gratitude he should feel for benefits which have been handed down to him, of loyalty to his country which leads to good citizenship, and of patriotism upon which rests the peace as well as strength of a nation. What a beautiful idea it is! How well and good then it is to use every opportunity to inculcate into the young these admirable traits of character. We wonder if our schools for the deaf take the same pride and pains to rouse the patriotic spirit of their pupils as the public schools do, or does the old excuse that they have no time to teach anything but language still prevail.

The deaf of America have especial cause to remember the loving sacrifices made in their behalf by the good Reverend Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and that of his worthy sons who are following so closely in his footsteps. We take it for granted that they bear an everlasting gratitude to their benefactors, but it does not follow that no action is necessary by them to convey the depth of their feeling. We can do infinitely more by action. Religion teaches us that we should not be content with being good but that we shall make public profession of it so as to be an example for others, and Christ himself does *command* as much.

Therefore, how much more warmth, sincerity, and depth we can throw into our gratitude by some form of public expression of action! Is not Gallaudet worthy of all the honor we can bestow upon him?

The deaf of Philadelphia will celebrate Gallaudet Day by a banquet. It will be in charge of the following representative Committee:

Mr. S. G. Davidson, Chairman, representing the deaf at large; Mr. A. J. Sullivan, representing the Catholic De l'Epee Association; and Mr. J. S. Reider, representing All Souls' Club. The arrangements are not completed and therefore can not be announced here.

If we remember aright, the National Association of the Deaf has officially sanctioned the observance of Gallaudet Day, on December 10th. We do not know, however, what efforts, if any, have been taken to make the action effective. Can not our institutions be induced to join in a general commemoration, even if it be only to the extent of a short tribute, as is practiced in the public schools when honoring a man like William Penn? As Gallaudet also paved the way for the establishment of oral schools, it seems reasonable to us to hope that they also may be enlisted in the observance of the Day. Let us wish for the greatest concord in keeping Gallaudet Day, remembering that it is not the method, but the man that we seek to honour.

The twelfth anniversary of the Consecration of the All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, is to be commemorated by a festival on December 8th. We shall hope to give a brief sketch of the church, together with an account of the festival and illustrations in another issue.

A Thanksgiving entertainment will be given in All Souls' Hall, Philadelphia, for the benefit of the church, on Thursday evening, November 29th. It will be in charge of the ladies of the church.

For some months past a strange character has been puzzling the authorities of Philadelphia. He is a deaf-mute and apparently uneducated for he can not give his name nor place from whence he came. The police found him wandering aimlessly about last August and, not being able to learn anything of him, sent him to the Alms-house. Since then nothing new has been learned, but one day, recently, the man was seen to draw a diagram on the sidewalk from which it appears that he came from Richmond, Virginia. Other reports say that he is Thomas Rigler, of Portsmouth, Va. How he came here is another mystery. When found he had two trunk checks but not a penny nor anything that would lead to his identification. In tracing his trunks, the police found they had been stolen from the Penn-

sylvania Railroad Station in Baltimore. Various theories are advanced regarding this man's cares. It is, indeed, a peculiar one. He seems unknown to the deaf which accounts for the difficulty in identifying him.

Mr. Frank P. Zell, of Manayunk, is perhaps the only deaf-mute politician in this State. For years he has taken an active interest in the politics at his ward, chiefly as a Ward-worker. But, at the September Republican primary elections, he was elected delegate to the Register of Wills' Convention and served as such.

Mr. and Mrs. Witmeyer, former Pennsylvanians, who made Stamford, Conn., their place of residence for a number of years, will remove to this State at an early day and settle at Manheim.

D. Ellis Lit, the deaf son of one of the firm of Lit Brothers, who conduct a large store in Philadelphia, has been entered in the William Penn Charter School of the same city.

A social at the residence of Mr. Archie Woodside, in Pittsburg, on October 27th, was the means of raising six dollars towards furnishing a room in the proposed Home.

The recent great coal miner's strike in this State does not seem to have entailed hardship upon those deaf who were directly concerned. Quite a number of deaf are employed at the different mines. Their behavior during the strike was orderly and peaceful without exception. We understand they were glad to resume work.

Some of the largest shoemaking firms in Philadelphia are just now troubled by strikes. A peculiarity of this strike is that several deaf, unlike formerly, have disregarded the Union strictures and gone to work for a firm which is decidedly hostile to the Union. This firm, perhaps the largest in this city, has employed all the deaf it could get and now has five of them. As some of them have taken the places of strikers, the outcome is looked to with considerable interest. A friend, who is qualified to know, tells us that it may lead to a bitter experience between the deaf and hearing workmen.

Misses Grace and Dora Koehler, the two young daughters of Rev. J. M. Koehler, are arranging to hold a fair for the benefit of All Souls' Church for the Deaf. It will probably be held in Calvary Church, Germantown, sometime this month or early in December.

Some recent marriages among the deaf are these: Mr. J. D. Draher and Miss Winnie Scherble, at Pittsburg, on September 27th.

Mr. Thomas Bradley and Miss Elizabeth Thompson, at Plymouth, on August 26th. The couple live in a house owned by them.

Mr. Aloysius J. McGathan and Miss Ida M. J. Zimmerman, at Philadelphia, on October 18th.

Mr. William J. Phillip and Miss Ida J. Gotsh, also at Philadelphia, on October 31st.

Mr. Albert Schreiner and Miss Annie J. Auer, Philadelphia, on October 10th.

Mr. S. G. Davidson, of the *Mt. Airy World*, is experiencing new joys since the advent of a boy on October 4th.

The number of deaf property owners in Philadelphia is steadily increasing. There are a dozen or more of them now. Mr. Joseph Mayer, Jr., and Mrs. William F. Fries are the latest additions, the former acquiring by purchase and latter, under the will of her grandfather who recently died. We know of at last three other prospective owners. We do not mean to make a boast of this matter, but simply offer the information to show the deaf of Philadelphia are progressing. The city has been surnamed "the City of Homes," which seems true of the deaf as well as of the hearing. In Philadelphia, the aim of most deaf seems to be to own their homes, while in New York there appears to be a desire to develop the business faculty. Both are right in their way, we suppose.

By the resignation of Mr. John T. Morris, who founded Industrial Hall, and has made other generous gifts to the school, the Mt. Airy Institution has lost one of its most liberal and valued Directors.

The Mt. Airy foot-ball team has been doing good work, considering that the team has usually been pitted against men whose average weight exceeded theirs. Take, for instance, the game played with the Defender team of Chester, Pa.,



on Saturday, November 10th. This team is reported not to have lost a single game for the past four years, but they met their match at last. The P. I. D. boys put an end to their unbroken record of victories by the convincing score of 6 to 0. Our boys, perhaps, never felt more joyous than after this victory.

Mr. Conrad Frederic Haeseler, an oral graduate who conducts a photographic studio at 1305 Arch street, has sent out cards announcing the enlargement and improvement of his studio. His specialty is artistic portraiture.

Rev. J. M. Koehler, delivered an interesting lecture on "China and the Chinese" before the Cleric Literary Association, on Thursday evening, 8th of November.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Young and Mr. and Mrs. Cortlandt B. Stilwell celebrated their Tin Wedding anniversary in October, the former on the 15th, and the latter on the 29th. Both were pleasant occasions.

An enjoyable Hallowe'en social was held at All Souls' Hall, 30th of October. The proceeds, amounting to about sixteen dollars, will be devoted to the church's needs. JAS. S. REIDER.

### Brooklyn Borough, N. Y.

**N**OVEMBER, with its days that are often gloomy and drear, is now here to greet us. When the afternoons begin to shorten and the nights are over long; when the wind moans through the tree-tops, and the remaining leaflets fall with a rustling ghostly sound, that we silent people do not hear.

The month in which the days of our feathered friend, the turkey, are numbered; when he struts around the barn-yard in all the glory of his gorgeous plumage, little dreaming of the fate in store; that soon he will be stripped of his pride and feathers to grace the merry festive board.

On one of its days we give thanks for a prosperous and bounteous past—the day of thanksgiving.

And while enjoying our own manifold blessings on the day the President appoints as the nation's day of prayer and thanks, let us not forget that among our silent ranks there are some less fortunate than we, and to those who are deserving, give with a liberal hand.

Remember the old adage, "More blessed is it to give than to receive," and "Cast thy bread upon the waters and some day it shall return to thee threefold." Need we, the children, whom Dame Fortune has blessed and smiled on, be over greedy for our own sweet selves, and keep on piling up our store of worldly goods, (for in the midst of life we are near death,) while others suffer for the bare necessities of life. True happiness is the lot of those who try and do good to others.

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On the evening of September 27th, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet entertained about forty of our silent people at the Brooklyn Guild rooms, with a lecture on his late travels to the Paris Exposition and the World's Congress of the Deaf.

His lecture was very interesting to his audience.

He mentioned that the Congress was very much in favor of the combined system of instructing the deaf.

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In looking over some back numbers of the SILENT WORKER, of two years ago, we came across an article by Frank Murray, relating to the sign-language. I agree with Mr. Murray that in teaching children in their earlier years, signs should be abolished, excepting in cases where a child shows early that its mind is weak beyond the average, and its mental faculty not strong. In such cases it would be folly to try and teach such a child a fair command of the English language as it is spoken.

Let me mention why one deaf man does not recommend the use of signs too freely.

As a boy, at the age of five, he went to a public school and lost his hearing at the age of eight, at which age he could read and write as well as any hearing child of average intelligence. After his affliction this same boy went back to the public school where he first began his education. But it soon became apparent to the boy himself that among a class of hearing boys he was sadly out of place

He did not remain there long, as his teacher soon hinted to his parents that it would be better to place the boy in a deaf-mute institution.

In a couple of weeks he entered the Institution for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf, then located on East Fourteenth street, and which soon moved to Forty-fourth street, and is now at Sixty-seventh street. Here he remained about a year and a half.

His father being in good circumstances, and willing to pay, he again went to schools for the hearing (German and English).

At the age of about thirteen he left the school for good, and with reading good literature, newspapers, etc., he managed to advance his education in the direction of acquiring a fair and correct knowledge of English as it is spoken.

In the meantime he did not associate with the deaf for about seven years.

Happening to attend a party given by deaf-mutes and enjoying himself so well among them, he began to associate with them, though he at first thought his deaf friends were conducting themselves in rather a ridiculous manner, he having at that time no knowledge of the sign-language whatever.

Later on he acquired a knowledge of the sign-language to some extent, though he was slow in doing so, as he showed no great love for it.

At the age of forty-one this man gives the following reason for being rather backward in acquiring a complete understanding of signs.

He soon noticed that in using the sign-language too freely, there is likely to follow a slowness in expressing oneself in correct English.

That is, on the spur of the moment some important word or words seem to have escaped your memory, and you have to pause to recollect them and put them in the right place.

For that reason, he recommends that in conversing in the sign-language, where there is no sign for a word or several words, to spell them with the single hand alphabet, thus combining the alphabet with signs, and instead of conversing in broken English, making each sentence complete and perfect.

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Miss Evangeline Kelly, a charming semi-mute young lady of Brooklyn, who was educated at the 67th street Institution, but who lately did not associate with the deaf, was married to a young hearing gentleman—a doctor. Miss Bell, of Brooklyn, acted as bridesmaid. We wish the happy young couple joy and prosperity.

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We think that in donating the full amount of the receipts from our late excursion (\$31.74) to the Building fund of the Gallaudet Home, the Guild has done its duty, and done it well.

The profits of the lecture amounted to little over three dollars, as part of the audience were members and were admitted free. So it will be seen that, as the matter stands, this is doing much better than contributing only one-half of the excursion profits and the full amount of the lecture receipts.

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We admire the writings of Miss Hypatia Boyd, and think she is a fluent and brilliant writer. But why, oh! why, should Miss Hypatia take the criticisms of writers too much to heart? One of the critics, if he can write, his writings partake of the nature of editorial criticisms, and as a writer of editorials he might make his mark.

But when it comes to what Miss Hypatia thinks the Germans like, and which article goes under the title of "Wiener Wurst," that is right, it is German, and you spell it right.

And those delicious sausages! Spare, ah! spare us that. Ye gods, we do not know what these articles of food contain. Often has it whispered about that while they may taste good to the German palate, that they contain chopped horse; and as the legend goes, worn out rickety car horse at that, oft' with carbuncles on the knees.

And to think our butchers should put such tempting viands on the market, is truly too much for delicate digestion, for we have to be careful what we eat, especially in hot weather.

And you will believe it when I say, that a few weeks ago, I was supposed to be on my death-bed. And the doctor's advice was to eat meat

only once a day in hot weather. But, thank God, I rallied and live to tell the tale, for life has still its charms for me, and will I ever forget it. For about seven days they dieted me with milk—nothing but milk and vichy, milk with egg and sherry, and bitter, bitter drugs. And think of it, eighteen quarts all together. The first few days I was allowed to be out and enjoy the sunshine. I was glad I did not live in the country, for had I met a cow, why, I would have blushed to meet her mild and kindly eye.

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On the last Sunday of September, at the house where the writer boards, we were honored with the company to supper of a charming young lady, Miss Dewey, a cousin of Admiral Dewey. We had the pleasure of an introduction, and after supper we spent a pleasant evening in the parlor in conversation. She stated that she would try and learn the double or single hand alphabet soon.

A younger sister of hers, devoted her life to nursing the sick in hospitals, and a few months ago, in a Brooklyn hospital, while attending to her duties, contracted a disease which resulted in her death in a few days.

She is said to have been a very sweet young lady. Why should the good, the kind, and the noble-hearted, who devote their lives to serving others, perish in their youth? Can it be that it is to receive their reward thus soon, that they are wanted in that brighter realm than here below.

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On Sunday, October 7th, Rev. Spencer Roche, Rector of St. Marks, kindly administered the holy communion to the deaf and spoke orally, though there were no hearing people present. Samuel Brown, lay preacher, preached in the sign-language. This is the first time the Rector officiated at any of the religious ceremonies of the deaf. On account of the Rev. Gallaudet being engaged elsewhere, and the Rev. Chamberlain being on his vacation, a lay preacher, not being ordained, the Holy Communion was not administered.

At a special meeting of the Guild, held Oct. 18th, it was decided to have a X-mas distribution of presents, which will be held on the evening of Saturday, December 28th. Doors open at 7.30. Tickets will be 25 cents each, and each ticket will entitle the holder to one present. Every effort is being made to have this year's affair surpass those given in previous years, and a regular Santa Claus is expected to be present. The following named are to engineer the affair: Leo Greis, Chairman, Miss Hanatha Henry, Wm. Moore, Wm. Gilbert and H. L. Bertine. While the Guild will purchase a large amount of presents, donations of small articles will be gladly received from the kindly disposed, and should be sent to the chairman, 188 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y., near Myrtle Ave.

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The step-mother of Miss Annie Welch, a mute lady living at East New York, died on the 12th of October, on her 55th birthday. She was well-versed in the use of the sign-language and the single hand alphabet, and was always pleased to see her daughter's friends.

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On the afternoon of Monday, Oct. 22d, a bouncing chubby little boy came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schloss. Mother and child are doing well. Joseph feels about a foot taller, and has our congratulations.

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A Halloween Party will be held at the residence of Miss Hanatha Henry, on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 17th. All the elite of Brooklyn and New York are invited.

LEO GREIS.

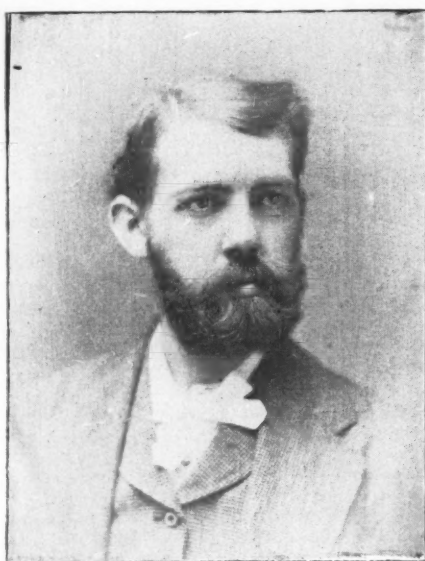
188 ADELPHI ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### PROMINENT DEAF PERSONS OF BROOKLYN.

**H**ENRY L. JUHRING, the present Treasurer of the Brooklyn Guild, was born in New York City in the year 1845. Lost his hearing at the age of one year; educated at the New York Institution.

He is a man of sterling worth and of a character that is above reproach.

From his earliest manhood he has taken an in-



Silent Worker Eng.

HENRY L. JUHRING.

terest in charitable affairs, and the welfare of the deaf; and nothing has pleased him better than to add to the enjoyment of his younger friends.

Many an enjoyable affair was given at his home in his younger days, and only last Saturday evening, September the 27th, there was a gathering of a few select friends at his home. The writer regrets inability to have been present owing to convalescence from recent illness.

Mr. Juhring has been married thirty years, and his life's partner is pretty much of the same disposition as himself when it comes to entertaining their friends.

By occupation he works at one of the several branches of Piano making, though he is in tolerably good circumstances, his father having been a large wholesale Grocer in years gone by, and at his death left the members of his family a fine income from a large estate.

He was a member of the old-time Brooklyn Society; has been President of the Brooklyn Guild for two or three terms, and for several years has been a trustee of the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. Though somewhat of a quiet and retiring disposition, when he does say anything he means it, and what he says is generally worth listening to.

He is one of Brooklyn's oldest, and one of the best known among the deaf.

LEO GREIS.

## HERE'S TO THE LOVING CUP.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

BY R. E. MAYNARD.

This is the cup that deaf-mutes drink,  
When they go to right a wrong;  
And this is the cup of Tilden's hate,  
Cruel and strained and strong.

We have drunk that cup, a bitter, bitter cup,  
And tossed the "Creed" away;  
But well for the world when the deaf-mutes drink,  
To the dawn of the deaf-mutes' day!

This is the road that Tilden treads,  
When he writes about the deaf,  
Iron under foot and thunder overhead,  
With the deep on either hand.

We have trod that road, a hard, and hilly road,  
With Gallaudet for guide;  
Oh, well for the world when deaf-mutes tread  
Its highways side by side!

Now this is the "Creed" That Tilden holds,  
He gets it from afar;  
"Thinking for ourselves, and thinking for our sons,  
And, failing, thinking, war."

We have proved our faith where faith is found,  
And ours has been the pain;  
Oh, well for the world when the deaf-mutes join  
To prove their faith again!

Life's journey is that of a brief winter's day, and its course will run on whether we avail ourselves of its progress or not.—*Anne of Geierstein.*

She that flies from death, finds strength of body. She that would escape shame, lacks no strength of mind.—*Kenilworth.*

## Gallaudet College,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SATURDAY morning, the 3rd inst., the "Lit" Society held its regular monthly business meeting in the Lyceum. At the meeting, it was proposed that "membership fees and fines must be paid within one month after becoming due; if the member does not pay them within the time specified, he shall be suspended from the society and, if after another month, he is still in arrears to the Society, he shall be expelled." This proposal is being taken *ad avizandum*. So much the better, if it would be accepted. For members have left or graduated from the college without acknowledging it their duty to pay to the society their debts which have been ever since increasing considerably, and remain to be cashed off.

The gentler sex of the Introductory class were accepted unanimously as honorary members.

The students' halls were agog with excitement at the approach of election day. The two rival political parties organized and adopted these names respectively: "The Full Dinner Pail Club of Gallaudet College," and "The Gallaudet Democratic Club." When election day came, about nine out of every ten of the students went to the city to see the results of the election. And the poor Democrats had to swallow their bitter pills as they saw plainly that old McKinley carried the country, while on the other hand the Republicans wore broad grins. Many returned home quite after midnight.

The bets that were previously made as to which candidate would win, had to be carried out by the Democrats, Friday afternoon, the 9th inst., since their candidate failed. Several boys had to draw about the campus a heavy cart in which were several McKinleyites. A McKinleyite enjoyed riding about in a wheel barrow with a Democrat pushing it. All the Democrats had a broom parade.

On the Co-ed's side, several girls who were for Bryan, as well, had to complete their bets by drawing a small wagon with an iron dog in it around the campus, the students being present to witness the scene, which, indeed, sent the color to their faces.

For her bet a certain female Bryanite had to pay her penalty by being "deaf unto" the boys for three whole weeks. But the one with whom she made the bet thought it was too much, for she has much reason to talk, so the time was cut down to three days.

To fulfill her bet, Miss Bauman, '02 had to deliver a lecture, Saturday evening, the 10th inst., in Chapel-hall where the students and the Co-eds, besides a few members of the Faculty were present. In truth, she delivered her lecture very excellently, making graceful gestures, the subject being "As you like it," and she deserves credit. Had Bryan been present at the lecture, he would probably have glorified in the fact that he failed.

The Faculty met Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., and concluded to repeal the 8.5 rule that had been in existence for a number of years. According to that rule several students were exempted from the "exams" every term while the majority had to go through them. Now, that the rule is no longer existing, each student hereafter will have to try his luck in the quizzes that come at the end of each term.

In order to satisfy his curiosity as to what *menu* the "Owls" had at the banquet, Saturday evening, the 13th of October, ye scribe will give it as he sneaked and stole a peep into the dining-room, where much to his surprise he found the room elegantly decorated with evergreen ivy and the different class colors, and, upon the table the following excellent *menu* was set:

Celery	Fried Oysters	Wafers
	and	
	Ice-cream	
Cakes	Coffee	Salted Peanuts

Ye scribe believes that the "Owls" are nothing but educated ones, and they, understanding much better, have not that nasty habit of preying upon rabbits, mice, etc., but are trying to liken themselves unto human beings.

Its program, though short, was a very excellent one, which began with President Miss Stout,

'01, who made an address of welcome to the new members. Miss Swift, I. C., was the respondent. After the declamation by Miss Weidenmier, '04, and the remarks by Misses Peet and Frederick and some others, the girls made for the dining room to feast on the *menu*. The program that was carried out is given below:—

Toastmaster.....Miss Brizendine, '01  
The O. W. L. S.....Miss Stout, '01  
The New Preceptress.....Miss McPhail, '03

"Friend after friend departs,—  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end."

—Montgomery.

The Faculty.....Miss Hansen, '07

"I point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."—Milton.

The Boys.....Miss Bauman, '02

Boys will always be boys."

The Ducks.....Miss Peet

"He is a true-born child of this free hemisphere! verdant as the mountains of our country."—Dickens.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles R. Ely have been blessed with a second daughter that first saw light of day on September 28th.

All, especially those of the Class of 1903, are gratified to know that Miss B. Crawford, ex-'03, has a position—as a governess to a little girl of Higginsville, Mo.

For the first time of the year, the "Lit" held its meeting in the chapel, Friday evening, October 19th. When the usual preliminaries were over, President Taylor '01, introduced the evening's essayist, Swanson '01. He talked on the life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, dwelling especially upon his military deeds and exploits. An exciting debate followed the question: "Should the Chinese Empire be partitioned among the nations?" Mr. Flick, '03, assisted by Mr. Roberts, '04, urged that it should be so, because as the Chinese always stick to their ancient customs, they never make considerable advance in the progress of the world, but Mr. Spence, '03, and Mr. Cameron, '04, took the opposite views. The participants did well. The Judges, however, favored the affirmative, though it was thought by many that the negative would win.

The dialogue, "The Self-Made Man," given by Messrs. Painter '02, and Allen, '03, which followed, was such that no one could fail to notice a broad grin on every face of those present save that of the stern critic.

"John Sheridan's Ride" was the subject of a declamation well rendered in signs by Mr. Drake, '04. The meeting closed when critic Braithwaite, '01, gave his report.

The *Buff and Blue* for October is out, and it contains excellent articles, viz: Mosquitoes and Malaria; In Cemetery Grove; Alexander Dumas; You Have Diamonds and Pearls, (a poem); An Indian Legend. In the Locals is seen this item, "Mister Guy Sideburns Allen." According to the old custom it is always the Sophomores who can wear *sideburns* to swell their dignity. And it seems to me that no one can wear any token of dignity without escaping the jeers of college-mates as is the case with Mr. Allen.

It will be remembered that at the close of this college last June, Prof. Hall plighted his troth to Miss Ethel Taylor just after her graduation with the class '00, and they went on a bridal tour in Europe.

Recently, they were remembered with two precious presents in the form of a beautiful vase from the Co-eds, and a handsome parlor clock from the students.

Ye scribe took paper and pencil and asked the professor to tell about his trip, and he, consenting to do so with much pleasure, began as follows:

"We left New York on June 25 in the huge Hamburg American mail steamer Patricia. It was 50' clock when we passed Sandy Hook, and the last letters were sent to friends and the last papers brought on board.

"Our companions were very pleasant. Many were Germans going for a visit to their fatherland, though most never intend to go back to live there. There were a number of the American



college athletes who expected to take part in the international games which were to be held in Paris.

"Life was comfortable and restful. Breakfast came at 8; then a walk about the decks; the bands played at 10; bouillion and sandwiches at 11; a book from the library, a chat, a letter, or a doze in a steamer chair till 12. Then the day's run was posted and the clock set ahead. Lunch at one; games on deck; tea at 4, and a promenade filled up the afternoon. Dinner was very formal and lasted almost two hours. The evenings were filled up mostly with cards and dancing. Truly, it was a steam hotel always moving through pure air, and bringing to the 'boarders' new wonders in the way of whales and porpoises, steamers and sailing vessels, and all the marvelous effects of cloud, water, light and air.

"It was exciting at last to know we were nearing Plymouth.

"First came the rocky Scilly Islands and then the wonderfully green coast of Cornwall.

"The run through Cornwall and Devonshire was the most delightful railroad trip imaginable. The trim hedges, the neat fields of green and gold on every side rolling up to the hill tops, the beautiful wooded valleys, the quaint old churches, the moss-grown mills, all made a striking picture. Outside of this day's journey. England seemed physically uninteresting. But the visits to the Cathedrals of Bristol, Ely, St. Paul, Peterborough and Canterbury and the abbeys of Bath and Westminster, the days spent at Oxford, among the picturesque colleges, at Woodstock, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Kenilworth, Windsor and the Tower of London are never to be forgotten. The charm of history and romance surrounds them all.

"The most interesting houses we saw were the cottage of Anne Hathaway at Shottery, and the Leicester hospital at Warwick. The former with its garden, its thatched roof, its clambering rose vines, its great fire-place twelve feet wide, and its quaint furniture teaches more of the ancient manner of living than a dozen books. The latter with its finely preserved framework, especially in the banquet hall of James I., is a lesson to the builders of today.

"The most interesting town for us was Canterbury. Its great turreted gates and its old houses projecting over the streets; the grand cathedral and the many remains of ancient buildings take one back to the past, so that it seems more real than any tale can make it.

"Holland seemed just what we expected. The wooden shoes, the white caps, the windmills, the numerous cows and the landscape were all as natural as could be. But the stylishly dressed people in Rotterdam were a surprise. No where else, even in Paris or London, did we see such well dressed people. It seemed queer to have the trains started by the blowing of horns, and to see the car-drivers warning people on the tracks by ringing a dinner bell. But no doubt our ways are queer to the Dutch.

"At Antwerp we stopped to see the beautiful paintings of Rubens in the cathedral there, and started up the Rhine. I wonder no more now at the legends and fairy tales that have come to us from Germany. For the Rhineland is certainly a fairyland. The castles can never be described. One has only to look at them to be carried back centuries. If a train of knights in armor rode out before one's eyes from the old castle gate, it would hardly seem surprising. Visits to Ehrenbreitstein and Rheinfels took up a couple of pleasant days and our boat left us at the city of Mainz.

"Here we took the train for 'Heidelberg the ancient.' Our route carried us past dark forests with castles frowning down from wooded crags. Heidelberg Castle seemed more romantic and more beautiful than any other castle we saw. Its view over the Rhine and Neckar and upon the Odenwald is charming.

"Then the train took us to beautiful Switzerland. Never shall I forget Lake Luzern. The clear, green water, the jagged snow-capped mountains on every hand, the ride down the lake in the cold morning mist that made it seem like sailing into an unknown polar sea all are impressed upon my memory.

"Then for a two days' ride over the winding mountain roads. Perfect roads they are, leading

up into the rocks and snows, bringing us to the little stone huts of herders and the small mountain inns. Everywhere rise giant peaks, and at last as we cross the Furka Pass at sunset the monsters of the Bernese Oberland burst upon our view, their snow-capped peaks dyed blood red, while in the valley below us lay the great Rhone glacier, white and ghost-like in the gray twilight.

"Then we crossed the Grindel pass and followed the picturesque Aar to Meiringen. A day at lovely Interlaken under the white peak of the Jungfrau and another at Berne with its quaint arched streets and enchanting views of the mountains and then we went on to Lake Geneva. No more beautiful spot can be found than Chillon. But in truth, the whole lake shore is a succession of picturesque villages among the trees and vine yards.

"After three days at Vevey and a day at Geneva we took the express for Dijon, the ancient capital of Burgundy. The Cathedral and the old public buildings are well worth a visit.

"The next day took us to Paris for a three weeks' stay. And here my description must

Salter, Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Miss Eva Hunter and Mr. Bennison. Coffee, sandwiches and cake were served at a late hour and it was, all in all, the jolliest gathering of deaf people held in Trenton in a long time.

#### DFAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE.

THE Deaf-Mutes' Union League's Grand Ball will be given in celebration of their 15th Anniversary. It will be held on Saturday evening, January 5th, 1901, at the "Tuxedo," Madison Avenue and 59th Street, to which place all the street cars transfer. The doors will open at 9 o'clock. Tickets include supper and wardrobe check. Handsome souvenirs will be presented to the ladies. Most of the New Jerseyites and Pennsylvanians bought their tickets in advance, as no tickets will be sold at the door. Tickets are \$1.00 each from the members of the club, or the ball committee, as follows: Chairman, Felix Simonson, 78 E. 81 St., New York; Moses Leow, 10 Amsterdam

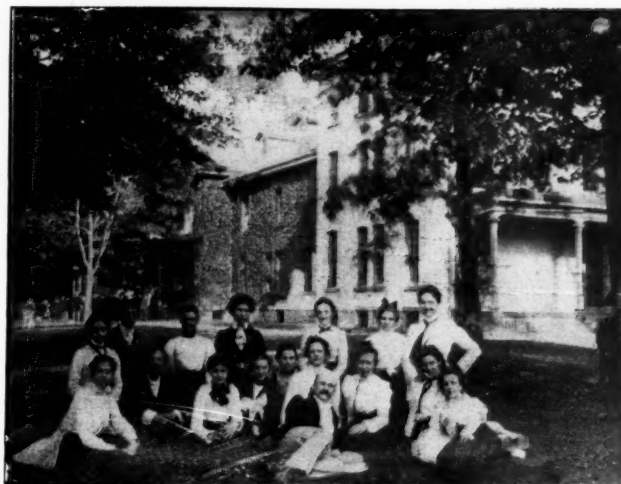


Photo. by  
J. S. Reider.

Silent Worker  
Photo-Eng.

A group on the North-west lawn of the New Jersey School for the Deaf at the State Association's Convention on May 30th last.

stop. One can not describe Paris in less than a book.

"In all our trip we had no trouble with custom house officers, lost no baggage and met courteous treatment everywhere. Hotel rates were not high in comparison with ours. There was plenty of room everywhere. Foreign money is easily mastered, and it was in Paris only that I was cheated with a few coins that had gone out of circulation. The tipping system is a great nuisance everywhere and especially on board the steamers. But the drawbacks are so few and the beautiful scenes so many that a summer could not be spent in a pleasanter way than we spent it."

G. P. A.

#### ALL HALLOWEEN SURPRISE PARTY.

IT was about half-past eight in the evening and the streets were full of masqueraders. Prof. R. B. Lloyd was enjoying a newspaper in his sitting room and Mrs. Lloyd was seriously contemplating going to bed, when the door bell rang unusually loud. Going to the door, Mr. Lloyd was confronted by a crowd of curious looking masqueraders who unceremoniously entered and made themselves at home. There was a man with a very long nose, two gigantic Irish women, two or three negroes, a Turk, a tramp, and a squaw. They carried baskets full of turnips, onions, carrots, apples, etc., which they presented to the surprised couple. One by one the party unmasked and the following deaf people were revealed: Mr. and Mrs. Bowker, Mr. and Mrs.

Ave., N. Y.; Jacob Keiber, Jr., 869-1st Ave., N. Y.; William G. Gilbert, 485 St. John's Place., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Treasurer, Sam Frankenheim, 531 Lexington Ave., N. Y. Anyone of the above committee will gladly mail tickets to you on receipt of price.

#### SCULPTOR TILDEN'S WORK.

THE Donohue Fountain, on which the sculptor, Douglas Tilden, has been at work, will be unveiled sometime in February or March. Mr. Tilden is at present taking part in the competition for the erection of two new monuments in San Francisco. Among the sculptors who submitted designs was Mr. Amatheis, brother-in-law of Mr. Albert Ballin, the deaf artist of Pearl River, N. Y.

#### A CHILDRENS' FAIR.

The fair, which little Cornie Porter gave at her home last month in aid of the Bethany Presbyterian church, was a very successful affair. Twenty-six dollars were netted which was the largest sum given to the church by any single Sunday school scholar. Of the fancy articles contributed those made by Mrs. R. B. Lloyd were the most exquisite. She is an expert at crocheted work. The deaf of Trenton were among the largest contributors to its success.

The old are seduced by gold, the youth by pleasure, the weak by flattery, cowards by fear, and the courageous by ambition.—*Peveril of the Peak.*

# The Kinetoscope and Telephone,

## AND NEW YORK NOTES

EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH

[With apologies to Peter F. Dunne.]

"I wuz readin', Hennesey, the other day about a politthical meetin' of dafe an' dumb people that were for the Dimmycratic ticket," said Mr. Doo-ley.

"Sure and I wud think the dafe and dumb people wud all be Raypublicans—gold bugs, for they know how thrue it is that silence is golden."

"That's so, my friend, and the most of them be Raypublicans naturally and them that are Dimmycrats are of the hottest kind."

"The dafe and dumb in polytics cuts a queer figure at toimes, but they have now come to the pint where they realize that John J. Ingalls, peace to his ashes, was, in a measure, wrong whin he said:

"The putrefaction of American Politics is an incandescent dream—I don't know that thim is the exact wurruds, but the toime no longer exists whin the dafe and dumb man is willin' to be made a puppet show, in order that some other dafe and dumb man with a disinclination to worruk and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, shall luxuriate in idleness."

"D'ye see, Hennesey, they no longer be willin' to be the cats paw for other people's chestnuts and the voiceless 'spell-binder' is no longer able to dalude the Headquarters people with the oidea that for \$400 he can get 8057 votes that would natchurilly go to the other side."

"The dafe and dumb man is no buyer of gold bricks and is as up to date as the Calendar in the Chimeical Bank."

"Did you see, Hennesey, phat Johnny O'Brien said in the Dafe and Dumb Register about the Dimmycratic meetin' to rathify the Bryan ticket?"

"Well, says he, he says 'twas no more than a packed Raypublican meetin'—and do ye know why, Hennesey?"

"T'was becuz the rale dafe and dumb dimmycrats were not in contrhol and they are not in the chestnut business, me friend."

"Tis a harrud thing, Hennesey, to get a notice of a dafe an' dumb politthical meetin' in the Journal or the Register for naythur Seliney nor Hodgson will allow of it."

"Yez can get all the rayligous notices, balls, hops and twoddle yez plaze, but devil a wurrud of a politthical notice forninst the meetin'."

"It's a queer thing about the Institootions and politthics! It wasn't so long ago that naythur a teacher nor a stable man connicted with an Institution dared breath a wurrud about politthics, but that time has gone by, Hennesey."

"Twas Principal Currier himself that set the good example of showin' thot Polythics and Institootions for the dafe and dumb were not in-compatible—that's a big worried, Hennesey, it means the same thing that whin two people are married an' not happy wan of thim gets a residence in South Dakotay where ye can get a divorce while yez wait, if yes'll wait noinety days."

"Principal Currier in the last campaign waz an inthrepeter for both the Dimmycratic an' the Raypublicans, an' since thot toime Institoot attachees are not so skeert about wearin' a button with the photoygraph of MacKinley or Bryan."

"Sure, of all the people in th' world that hav to put up with prejudiced notions, Hennesey, the dafe an' dumb are praimminently 'IT.'"

"Down South, a good mon, a Minister of the Gospel goes to visit wan iv our best schools for th' dafe, and thin goes writes a letther to his Church paper, in which he says, in partt:

"It was my pleasure a few days ago to visit the State Institution for the deaf and dumb."

"A deaf-mute is at once dependent and unaffected. He is removed from the realm of criticism, and knows not that he is an object of pity. So that he is without the self-consciousness which the blind so often exhibit, and without the sensitiveness so often found in the well or partially deaf. Moreover, his appeal to one's sympathy is the most powerful of any afflicted creature. His hearing, the first and most accessible avenue to the mind and soul, is closed. If his sleeping faculties are ever aroused, it must be by a process so entirely artificial

and difficult as almost to surpass bounds of human skill and patience. It has been said that sixty per cent of deaf-mutes are mentally weak all their lives. This indicates the difficult task before those who would awaken the intelligence of the deaf."

"Mind ye, Hennesey, ther's no doubt of this man's sincerity, at all, at all, but the pint is that the Institootion paper reprints the whole arthicle without a wurrud of correction."

"Phat d'ye think of thot, Hennesey?"

"Do I not be tellin' th' whole thruth whin I say thot the dafe are the most misrprinted class on the airt?"

"Luk at som' o' the whoppers!"

"60 per cent of the dafe, are mild lunatics (which is the plain English of 'Mentally weak,' Hennesey)."

"Thin again he says thot the 'Dafe man's appeal f'r sympathy is the most powerful of any afflicted creature.'"

"Heavens, Hennesey, this is pilin it on to an unbearable extent, and the pity an' the shame of it is that the Institootion paper thot publishes all this does not utter a wurrud of protest, nor correction. Surely there be toimes whin the dafe can rise in wan body, and exclaim:

"God save us fr'm our frinds."

"I wuz readin' in wan of th' Institoot papers the other day, Hennesey, about a meetin' the Directhors of wan of th' dafe and dumb institoot out West where they be the moguls iv all the eelymerenary corporations, which means, Hennesey, thot the Gur'nor appints a set of men prominent for their lyalty to the dominant partthy, to consthitoot the State Board."

"Ivry wance in a while they go on a junket thrip, at so much per day and they live high while solunly inspectin' the Pinintintary, Reform schools, Loonytic asylums an' the Blind, Orphan an' other institutitions thot many people regard as evils necessary to our modern civilization."

"I niver understood, Hennesey, why the schools for the dafe were put in this cathogory, but its way they have in many of th' states."

"But phat I was tellin' ye, Hennesey, wuz th' raption th' Superintthendint, officers and teachers—and the pewpils giv' the State Board."

"Ye would think from the discription of th' great ivint thot these great min were makin' a terrible sacrifice in doin' their juty by visitin' the school."

"Tis only a slight exaggeratin' whin I could see 'in mind's eye,' as Shakspear says in 'Hamlet,' the glorious enthy of the State Board into the grounds and there on their blessed knees wuz the whole school prosthratin' themselves with their faces a touchin' the airth, humblin' themselves at the comin' of the "Great Prisince."

"And then th' scene in th' chapel whin the Superintthendint makes an address of welcom' and tells the Board what a wise body they are and how benificent an' philanthropic they wuz. How generous it wuz of them to pass th' appropriation for the new rubber-tired wheels for the Institution carriage, and how open handed their giniosity wuz in votin' to put new Morris Chairs in th' teacher's parlor and in other ways prosperin' and fosterin' th' grand cause of the Eddication of the Dafe and Dumb."

"Th' childer' though they be dafe and voiceless, he goes on to tell them, "worship the very ground your noble feet trod."

"In return for your noble sacrifices in votin' the state's money to eddicate the poor childer' who but for your relentless efforts would grow up to be incubess on the Body Politic, he says, pray for ye ivry night of their sad, sad lives."

At this pint I'd like to be in chapel and get permission to say a few wurruds myself, and this is what I'd tell them:

"Mr. Prisidint, an' Gintlemen of the Board: I'm mighty glad of the privileg' of addressin' ye this day, an' I'll give ye something to think about. I take it that such an intilligint body of men as ye are have read Pope—then its not neicissary to repeat what he says about the 'Proper study of mankind.'"

"The proper study of the dafe can only be accomplished by years an' years a association wid th' dafe—and thin, after all ye' may not learn."

"Ye were at the pinintintary yisterday—don't ye dare class the dafe with malefacthors! Ye

were at the Insane asylum—an' there, ye saw wrecks of human beins, some of them there as a result of their own indiscretion! Ye were at the Orphan asylum, the almshouse, an' th' whole string of 'em and ye saw nothin' to compare with the dafe."

"Gintlemen, there are none here at their own riquist—their dafeness an' dumbness is not of their own choosin'."

"But since we hav' them that must go through life deprived of their hearin', we must eddicate them and thus, in a measure repair the damage that mysterious Natur' has done them."

"It has been proven by years an' years of experience that th' most effectiv' way to eddicate thim is to gather them in large schools and house them and board them at the same time. Whin th' State has done its duty by them they go out in the Big world an' though carryin' a fearful handicap they pass many lighter burdened souls and fewer fall by the way side, than do normal people."

"They be the victims of many ignorant conceptions; of prejidoce. The bars are up against thim in wan hundred spheres that are open to the hearin', where they are down in but wan to the dafe."

"Their years of childhood deprive them of home association's that are such a facthor for good with the hearin'."

"Now when yez go home, think it over! Whin your little ones kiss ye good-night as they go off to bed with a loving "Good night Papa, I love you," think how different it is with the dafe child who has a mathron or supervisor to say good night to."

"And whin ye are tired of readin' and finished your last seegar: ye walk to yer own bedroom, pause, and go in to look at yer own little ones asleep, ye kiss them good night and feel happy—but the man whose childer are dafe?—they be asleep too, but not at home—not where a fond mother is at their beside at the 'sound of a stirring.'"

"The dafe child sleeps as sound as yer own—in a big dormithory—an' there's a night watchman pacin' the halls."

"The dafe child deserves all he gets an' more. Ye never heard of a Directhor of a school for the Dafe doing more than his juty—Ye hear of lots that fall short."

"Eddication is theirs by right; by law; by justice. Do yer cheese-parrin' an' penny-splittin' over at the pinintintary, where they get more than's a comin' to them—but don't yez dare thry it on the School for the Dafe."

"Pay your politthical debts of patronige—that's right for yez have to. "To the victors belong the spoils," but ye should no more think of puttin' incompetents in a school for the dafe than the Superintthendint of a railroad would think of puttin' a station porther at the throttle of a locomotive."

Hennesey looked thoughtful a moment and asked:

"An phat would they say to thot?—phat would they think of a man havin' the courage of his convictions to the pint where he could dare throw so many gospel Thruths at a board?"

"Well, Hennesey, if the Boarrd wuz like some Boarrds I know of, I think they would say, to the Superintendent, 'Ahem, and did yez not make some remark about dinner bein' ready?'"

I have been favored with several numbers of *The Deaf World* and extend to Mr. Holycross the assurance of my greatest consideration. There have been some mighty good editorials in recent issues and considering the difficulties under which the publisher labors, he gets out a very good paper. When its scope shall have been broadened and a wider territory covered the *Deaf World* will come pretty close to the ideal of an independent paper for the deaf.

*The Eye* is another publication which I have had the pleasure of seeing and aside from some eccentricities in Philological matters, is a newsy sheet.

The Champion man of this country lives up in Maine. He hired a deaf student of Gallaudet to work on his farm this past summer and



the Gallaudet boy gathered some interesting experiences which he narrates at length in the Berkeley school paper. They have not been copied by the "Deaf Press," as I was in hopes they would, for it is a good story tersely told, though some of the young man's experiences in New York City, and the conclusions he formed sound strange to a dweller in Manhattan.

On an August night last summer five deaf men got off a train that had brought them from Syracuse, at Albany, at one o'clock in the morning. They had to get off to change cars in order to reach Boston. It was necessary to purchase new tickets at this point, too, and as they sat on their hand baggage, (each carried a dress suit case) one of the pests deaf people run up against occasionally, spied them, and begun a lip-reading attack, though there was only one who could read the lips at all, and the darkness of the station platform prevented any successful attempts in that line.

In turn the "pest" bored each one. "Where do you live?" "What do you work at?" etc., etc., Finally he asked each for their card, and boarded the New York bound train, but hardly had they begun to get a free berth when he hurried back and asked each their home address—which information in some instances was refused.

Because of our deafness we are often made the subjects of inquisitions which are impertinent as well as impudent. Because of our deafness we are often "held up" just to give some "Smart Aleck" a chance to air his vanity.

If we would sit down real hard on the first species of this type, we would turn the tables neatly, but the deaf man (and woman) are, as a rule, so well-bred as well as patient that rather than be considered rude they answer questions that are frivolous and not put in good faith. That there are exceptions goes to prove the rule.

A writer in the *Florida Herald* brings up to fresh notice some of the oft-quoted misconceptions of the Deaf. He says even the use of the word Institution helps people to accept queer news of the deaf.

There is a great deal in that. "New Jersey School for the Deaf" is a good enough name and is way ahead of "The New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb," which very title gives the uninitiated a wrong idea. But the New York school was incorporated under that title years ago and when the public were but little better informed than a few years earlier even than that, the school at Hartford was the "American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb."

Things were only partly improved when the name was changed to "The American School," for it is really only one of a great number of American schools. Connecticut School or New England School would have been more proper.

Another odd title was that given to the School here in New York, commonly called the Lexington Avenue School. The man at its head thought to feature the Oral method, it would be a good scheme to give the school a title that would make people think it was the only one using advanced methods, and that all others were antediluvian, so he called it "The New York Institution for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb."

No one now connected with the school is responsible for the misleading name, though I do not doubt that they would be glad to be rid of one savoring so much of quackery.

Not long ago, I commented on the questionable ethics involved in the publication in a paper devoted to furthering the welfare of a religious sect, the marital difficulties of a pair, one of whom was a member of the sect in question, and the other not.

I did not think it right that the editor should usurp judicial authority by trying the case and placing the blame, and I said so. The sequel is, that instead of making the separation complete, just the other extreme, a joyful one in this case, was the result.

During the separation, the Husband and Father supported his family in the same good

style that he had when he occupied his proper place in the household.

And in the end Paternal Pride, Maternal Love and Conjugal affection triumphed. A mere difference in belief was waved aside; the unwise counsel of false friends disregarded, and once more husband, wife and children are united under one roof and are happy.

Let us hope there will be an acknowledgment of the injustice done by the newspaper in question, and let the reparation be as complete and honest as was the reverse true of the original publication.

In spite of the boasted assertion that this is a free country, with free speech and a free Press; some remarks I made in the last issue of this paper have aroused the ire of some people whom I didn't for a moment have in mind, though their wrath makes me wonder if it is possible that some stray missile found a mark I didn't aim at.

In the course of an article dealing with the life of the blind, Rheta C. Dorr in the Thanksgiving number of the *Metropolitan Magazine* says:

"To be utterly cut off from one of the most important avenues of understanding must necessarily affect the point of view very seriously. If any of us were given the choice between deafness and blindness, the chances are that most of us would prefer to lose the hearing sense. Yet observation teaches that deaf people are infinitely more miserable than are the blind. A deaf man is nearly always gloomy, morose, suspicious, and quarrelsome. He is rarely ambitious, and his intelligence is never very high. There are few instances of deaf-mutes reaching intellectual distinction. The literature produced by them is limited to a few sickly, melancholy verses. On the other hand, the blind are animated, cheerful, optimistic, and usually industrious. We have had blind philosophers, poets, musicians, inventors, and mechanics. It would seem that a world of darkness is preferable to a world of silence."

"No one ever heard of a deaf-mute's sight being more acute than that of other people."

I don't recall ever having heard of Miss Dorr before, but her knowledge of the blind comes from the mendicants on the streets and as there are practically no deaf-mute mendicants her means of learning real facts concerning the deaf are limited.

No deaf person would exchange places with a blind one, and though the nature of their infirmity is a bar to musical attainments, in many other respects the deaf are a long way ahead of the blind.

Miss Dorr says that blindness usually overtakes one at twenty, while deafness, if not consanguine is adventitious during early childhood, so the blind become educated and reach manhood and womanhood before their affliction while the deaf acquire education under vastly dissimilar circumstances.

In New York city there are "Asylums for the Destitute Blind," but the deaf have nothing in similitude. The nearest approach is a Home for the Aged, which has but a score or so of inmates and this with the whole state of New York to draw upon.

Miss Dorr will find that the deaf are active, self-supporting, ambitious, and are in no sense dependent, while the blind are, in every sense, dependent, even where they have affluent surroundings.

Charles Broadway Rouss, the blind millionaire merchant, would pay a million dollars to have his sight again and would gladly be deaf in the bargain.

Miss Dorr might pay a visit to the New York Institution, see the cadets at dress parade, then follow them through a day's routine. After that, she could pay a visit to some school for the blind and compare their doleful, dejected countenances with the happy, independent deaf people and then ask herself, if she had to be either blind or deaf, would not deafness, which is a mere inconvenience, be better than blindness, which is a real affliction.

ALEX. L. PACH.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—  
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,  
And measureless thy joy or grief,  
When Time and thou shalt part for ever!"

—The Antiquary.

## Adelaide, South Australia

THE Deaf and Dumb Church.—Mr. S. Johnson, M.A., preaching to the deaf congregation on Sunday, September 2, from Acts 20:35, said towards the end of his sermon that it was ten years that day since their first service was held in the Rechabite Hall, Grote-street. They meet there on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity in 1890. They were then few and poor and helpless, but they believed their work was of God. This beautiful Church and Institute and missionary's residence, the magnificent property at Parafield so generously handed over to them by Mr. J. H. Angas, the fine buildings erected on that property as a home and place of industry for aged and infirm deaf-mutes, were all instances of the efficacy of faith and prayer. Had it not been for the kind services of Sir John Colton and the late Mr. James Scott of blessed memory in persuading the trustees of the Rechabite Hall and Pirie street Wesleyan Church to give them rooms to meet in free of rent, they could have held no meetings at that time, simply because they could not raise the rent of premises. To-day they owned property worth £10,000, and owed no debt whatever. He was there that morning not only to rejoice because of the many blessings bestowed on them, but also to receive their alms on behalf of the Gallaudet Home for Aged, and Infirm Mutes in the State of New York, which was totally destroyed by fire on the night of February 18 last. It had taken the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet some twenty-five years to build up that home, and now at the age of seventy-eight years he hoped to rebuild it before he died. Several of the inmates were blind as well as deaf and dumb, and all were at present living in rented premises. Their hearts went out in sympathy to Dr. Gallaudet on the occasion of this terrible calamity. The Rev. E. K. Miller administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a large number of communicants. The alms for the American home for aged and infirm deaf mutes amounted to £67s. 7d.

### ADULT DEAF AND DUMB MISSION.

The South Australian Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission and Parafield Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes building committee met at the office of Messrs. William & Good (architects) on Saturday, September 15, to consider the tenders for the proposed outbuildings at Parafield. There were present Messrs. C. H. Goode (vice-president) in the chair, D. Nock (vice-president), W. Taylor (hon. treasurer), Williams and Good (architects), A. G. H. Cox, (manager of Parafield farm), and S. Johnson (hon. secretary). Ten tenders were received, and that of Mr. H. Treweek, at £411 3-6, was accepted. The buildings will comprise a kitchen, 16 ft. x 14 ft.; laundry, 16 ft. x 14 ft.; store, 16 ft. x 12 ft.; dairy, 22 ft. 6 in. x 14 ft.; cellar, 14 ft.; and cowshed, 27 ft. x 13 ft. The contractors will commence work at once, the time for completion being December 22.

A meeting of the committee of the South Australian Adult Deaf and dumb Mission and Parafield Home for Aged and infirm Deaf Mutes was held in the institute, Wright street, on Saturday, September 29. There were present Messrs. C. H. Goode (vice-president), in the chair, D. Nock (vice-president), Mesdames Sauerbier, Kither, Millikin, Goode and Goldsmith, Revs. E. K. Miller and C. H. Goldsmith, Messrs. W. Taylor (hon. treasurer), P. T. Scott, A. C. W. Cox, E. Salas (missionary), and S. Johnson, M.A. (hon. secretary). The draft annual report was read and adopted as the report to be submitted at the annual meeting. It was decided to hold the annual meeting in Colton Hall, Deaf and Dumb Church, Wright street, on Tuesday, October 23. Mr. C. H. Goode consented to preside on the occasion. The architect (Messrs. Williams and Goode) reported that they had accepted the tender of Mr. H. Treweek for the outbuildings at the Parafield Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf Mutes, the amount of the contract being £411.

Time will rust the sharpest sword,  
Time will consume the strongest cord;  
That which moulders hemp and steel,  
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.

—Harold the Dauntless.

# Silent Worker.

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GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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## EDITORIAL.

THE *New Era* has scored a CHINA'S "scoop" on all of us by getting a BEGINNING. half-tone of the class of Mrs. Mills, at Chefoo. It is a bright and pretty group, and, after viewing it, the people of our great country will be more interested than ever in seeing the venture among our antipodean deaf succeed.

THE FIRST LESSON. THERE is nothing more pleasant to watch around a school for the deaf than the whole-hearted way in which the children enter into the house-hold affairs. What a delight it is for them to take part in the arranging of the furniture, the cleaning of the floors and windows, the pruning of trees, the cutting of the grass, the raking of the paths, in the cooking, bed-making, indeed in every thing that requires a little expenditure of physical force and in which they can see the direct good of their labors. It is not always, however, that this zeal is carried into their intellectual work. What a blessing it would be if it were. The work of educating our little folks would certainly be greatly facilitated if we could give them, at as early a time in their course as possible, a realizing sense of all the reciprocal obligations they are under to their instructors. Permit them to rely entirely upon their teachers, to think for one moment that the whole work is theirs and that no duty devolves upon the child, is for us to assume a task that has no end. If, on the other hand, you can get it into their heads that theirs is at least half the labor, that it is only by being thoroughly responsive that they can expect any sort of success, the battle is half won. To your teaching, they owe attention, in order that they may reap where you have sown, they must cultivate observation; to your directions, there should be immediate and cheerful obedience; to supplement your efforts in their behalf they should extend their researches to everything bearing upon the work given them; in a multitude of ways, all apparent to the mind of the skilled teacher, the child may meet him

half way in his efforts, and facilitate in untold measure his work. These are the first lessons to be given in the school-room. These learned the others are easy.

LET THERE BE PEACE. THE range of methods by which the deaf are taught has gradually widened until it would seem that the gamut were pretty much all run, and little room were left for a new way whereby to pilot the class over the shoals of ignorance and out into the broad sea of knowledge. A few years ago the advantages of the Oral and Manual methods only were to be discussed. The discussions were somewhat lengthy, to be sure, and those interested in the thousand and one other questions that arise in the education of deaf children were disposed at times to look askance at the time consumed; but they had an end, and ordinarily there was opportunity for other work at the average convention. Now, however, we have not only the two methods, but a Combined system, a verbal Method, an Auricular method, an Auricular-Manual method, an Auricular-Oral method, an Auricular-Combined method, an Auricular Manual Alphabet method, and a Hypnotic method, with a few others; and conventions no sooner convene than the adherents of all, by common and universal consent, take the floor with special pleas for their special systems, and the meeting becomes a commission for the determination of which is the best of the multitude of ways of shedding light upon these darkened minds; only the matter is never settled. A vote is taken, to be sure, but it seems to leave the matter as unsettled as ever, and the general searcher after truth, who sits at the session or reads the report of the "conference," finding so little aside from the contentions upon this subject, too often turns from the whole matter with a sense of time wasted, and muttering away down in his heart of hearts "a plague upon" all the houses.

AGAIN. OUR mouths water and a jealous pang shoots through every fibre of our already distraught being as we read concerning the new Michigan school for the Deaf that it "is a handsome, substantial structure of brick and Lake Superior sandstone, situated in the midst of fine grounds. The interior is finished in natural oak, mosaic tiles on the ground floor and hard wood floors on the second and third. In the basement are swimming pools for boys and girls, one in each end of the building. These are in large rooms, which will be fitted up with numerous lockers. It is the intention of the superintendent to have all pupils taught to swim. The water in the pools is heated sufficiently by steam pipes to make bathing healthful at all seasons of the year. The immense heating apparatus, the 25 horse power engine and fan for driving the air through the ventilating ducts and the thermostat and toilet rooms are also located in the basement. In the centre of the basement is an immense drill room, well lighted with electricity and windows, where the students will drill and have their play on stormy days.

"On the upper floor are forty-five class-rooms well ventilated and lighted with large windows and fitted with the most approved school furniture. The ground floor also has a handsome reception room, office, apparatus room, school supply room, and the library, perhaps the most charmingly located and planned of any in the whole building. It is a long, sunshiny room,

lined with fine book shelves and fitted out with library tables and chairs. A number of notable pictures and statuettes are to be seen in the reception room, office and library. While all the furnishings are appropriate, the office table is an exceptionally handsome piece and especially interesting because it is a product of the school workshop. The second floor is given up entirely to class rooms, and on the third floor is an ideal gymnasium, which is yet to be furnished with brawn-building appliances. The chapel is also located on this floor and is a model in every way, with a seating capacity of 600 on the main floor and 250 in the gallery. This commodious auditorium will fill a need that has long been apparent and will contribute greatly to the pleasure of the pupils, as it is fitted with a roomy stage, which has side, overhead and footlights, curtains, etc."

We are glad that mention of gargoyles, of mullions, of stained glass windows, Persian rugs, mahogany finishings, lapis lazuli panels, Parian marble statuary, and painting's by the old masters has been omitted; but as it is you have spared our feelings but little Brother Clarke.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION. Another distressing accident, this time in a western school, calls attention to the danger of having windows that are accessible to pupils, unguarded. There have been at least a dozen cases within the past two years, where children have been killed or seriously injured by falls from such windows. The sleep-walker is especially exposed to the danger, and there are few institutions that have not among their pupilage one or two children who at times walk in their sleep. The windows in the dormitories of our New Jersey School are all now so choked that the sash may be raised but six inches at most. This renders it impossible for a child to get out without exercising a great deal of force, an amount indeed that must needs awaken it, if it is asleep. Either this or the placing of screens or bars over the windows would appear to be absolutely necessary to the safety of the child.

PROFIT WITH PLEASURE. THE November "outing" was a trip to the Opera House to see the reproduction of the Passion Play in moving pictures, and perhaps nothing could have been given our boys and girls that would have afforded them greater pleasure. The affecting scenes made a deep impression upon all, and the information they evinced upon examination the next day, showed that aside from their enjoyment of the occasion, the evening was of positive educational value.

## SPEECH.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough Without your woes. No path is wholly rough; Look for the places that are smooth and clear, And speak of those to rest the weary ear Of earth, so hurt by the continuous strain Of human discontent, and grief, and pain. Talk faith. The world is better off without Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt. If you have faith in God, or man, or self, Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come; No one will grieve because your lips are dumb. Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale Of mortal maladies is worn and stale, You cannot charm, or interest, or please, By harping on that minor chord, disease. Say you are well, or all is well with you, And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



## School and City

While at her work the other morning Matilda Zoller was seized with a spell of vertigo and had to be carried to the hospital by the Superintendent and one of the larger boys.

The teachers had their initial meeting in the school parlors, October 10th. A paper was read by the Supt. and two articles reporting the work that had been done at Talladega and Paris by Miss Olin and Mr. Sharp. The smaller children not knowing the significance of such meeting, lived in suspense all the following morning thinking the tortures of the inquisition had been approved of and would be visited upon them. The next meeting was held November 7th, and was addressed by Mr. Clarence Davis on the advantages of a certain university extension course. The poor teacher! Her duties seem endless, but however she manages to take in the extras; and probably owing to this adaptability continues to live.

Some of the larger boys hear occasionally from Thomas Taggart and the accounts he gives of himself are very pleasing to his friends. He is very well pleased with his position and his social duties are as pleasant. Thomas was always a very popular boy in school; and from all indications he will ever be in demand as both workman and friend.

Julius Aaron spent the greater part of his summer and fall in Kokomo, Indiana. He went to the above place to have his ears treated. The results of the treatment were not such as had been expected but were beneficial nevertheless. The trips must have agreed with Julius as he has taken on considerable flesh since we last saw him.

Allie Leary will soon be with us again, and her schoolmates will overwhelm her with all the latest news. Allie was not able to return sooner owing to an operation which was performed on her throat this fall. From all reports, Allie shows no evil effects of the operation and her health seems as robust as ever.

There has been an insolvable mystery in one of the younger girl's bedrooms for some time past. In the midst of their slumbers they would be awakened to find that their bed clothes had been snatched off, or were being gradually pulled away. The "ghost" proved to be a mischievous little minx of twelve summers, who was old enough to know better, and who is now all contrition.

The literary attainments of some seem almost incredible. One boy boasts of having read all the books in the Boys' Library. We wonder how well read they are.

Judging from the galaxy of finery and fashion-plates that are seen in the dressmaking rooms, there will be a number of artistic gowns before long; creations that would do justice either to Felix's or Paquin's handicraft. With few exceptions, the girls in the industrial department do excellent work, and enjoy to the fullest, the two hours spent daily in it.

We are glad to have back with us Eddie Stilwell and Irvine Boileau. They were so long coming back that we had lost all hope of ever having them with us again. We believe this will be their last year and when Irvine, especially, leaves what Falstaff will fill his place? How many dull moments have been brightened by Irvine's yarns and anecdotes?

Louisa Daberkow received word the other day that she has a little brother. She is very much elated over his arrival and is looking forward to Christmas when she can play little mother to him.

Miss Mary Wood took a day off last month to run down to Wilmington, Delaware, to attend a very dear friend's wedding.

Among the visitors of last month, familiar to us all, were Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton, Mrs. Aaron, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Hetzel and George Garrison.

Mr. Bice met with a serious accident, October

20th. To us it seems unaccountable as he is such a careful man, but somehow he had his left foot crushed by a car while coupling. He has been laid up with it, and is now getting around on crutches. We are very sorry that Mr. Bice should have met with such a misfortune.

For several Saturdays past the boys have formed nutting parties and have scoured the country around for nuts.

They have found an abundance of nuts, and better still apples and persimmons. One of the boys had an unpleasant experience with a green persimmon. He for one will understand the expression "he looked as though he had eaten green persimmons."

Lillie Shaw enjoyed a treat last summer that few of us have had and that is a trip to Niagara Falls. She went in company with her mother, uncle and cousin. They spent five days at the Falls, then spent two days at Toronto before returning home. The ladies in the party were afraid to walk under the Falls, so only the uncle dared to venture it. If anyone wishes to have a graphic description of the Falls, just ask Lillie about its beauties and the glorious rainbow she saw.

We had wondered for sometime past why Annie Mayer was so eager to learn how to tell time. The secret is out—she is anticipating a watch from her grandmother for a Christmas present.

Among the deaf visitors this month was Lewis Carty, of Florence, N.J. He had just returned from New York City, where he had visited a relative. Last summer he was employed at the Adam's bath house in Atlantic City.

From last accounts of Adrian Borrebach, he was working for a packing establishment in the West. He undoubtedly has "die wanderlust." When he was last seen here he seemed to have joined the ranks of "Dusty Rhodes."

Allie King dropped in to see the boys last month, and he then resembled very much that poster we see in the street-cars "a swell affair." Allie had been suffering with his teeth and we have no doubt that he suffered as much as the boy referred to, if appearances count for anything.

While Reno Bice was visiting her uncle last summer in Englishtown, she called on Mr. and Mrs. Weston Jenkins, and took lunch with them.

Mary Sommers is the school missionary and looks after the spiritual welfare of the little tots before retiring. She taught them the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Mary has neither kith nor kin, nor much of this world's goods, but nevertheless she is one of the happiest and most self-sacrificing girls in the school and ever eager to do one a kindness.

Good things of all shapes and sizes have made their early appearance this fall. Willie Allen was among the first to get a box from home and judging from the articles he gets, his mother must keep a pretty well filled larder.

What is there in a pair of barber's shears that instills such fear in little girls' hearts? When the barber made his annual visit, one of the little girls—who by the way has very short hair—hid in the bath-room.

About the time school opened, a fire broke out at Spring Lake destroying most all the hotels and residences. Minnie Bogart who had not yet returned to school at that time visited the place shortly after the fire and among her curios, she has many souvenirs which she picked up on the scene of the fire. Minnie also saw the opera house burned down at Asbury Park.

Miss Hall's mother has returned from Summit, and together they have gone to house-keeping. Miss Hall has been boarding at Mrs. Holt's whose place is the happy hunting grounds for professors, teachers, and students. Van Jenkins, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Weston Jenkins, who is in the city attending business college, is boarding at the same place.

Mrs. John P. Walker went to Philadelphia early in the month and made a short visit.

There is a horrible looking poster in the back office, how did it get there? The little girls say that while out walking one Saturday afternoon, they stopped at a country confectioner's and were treated by their escort—whom we are inclined to believe was Mr. Walker—and the man's magnanimity bubbling over with so much trade, brought out about the only portable thing he had, which was the picture referred to, and presented it to the children.

Miss Hall's brother, whose health is very poor, is making arrangements to go to Porto Rico this month.

Coney Island seems to have great attractions for the children during their vacation. The last we have heard to visit the place was Lizzie Weeks, who went there in company with her uncle and aunt. Lizzie made quite a protracted visit at her aunt's in Brooklyn last summer.

There have been innovations of all kinds in campaign badges, and with the election, the enthusiasm on both sides waxed hot. As Hamilton and Chestnut Avenues was on the line of several marches, the children had the pleasure of seeing them. Many of the boys saw Bryan when he was in the city. One of his followers in his eagerness to see him when he was at the station, somehow slipped and fell into the ditch. He reminded one very much of "Doctor Foster who went to Gloucester." After experiencing the discomfort, his ardor for Bryan was greater than ever.

Charlie Schlipp received a letter the other day from Walter Jackson and he is dreadfully homesick for school and the probabilities are we shall sometime soon see him back again.

## Sporting Notes.

BY GEORGE E. WAINWRIGHT.

What has become of our *Times* reporter? Is he dead or what has become of him.

Charles Bremmerman, of last year's team, has shown great improvement, and is back to his old form in throwing goals.

At every game of basket-ball played in the Mute's gymnasium can be seen the Mutes' Manager, Coach, and Captain, also the SILENT WORKER'S Sporting editor.

Irvine Boileau, captain of last year's second team, has returned after spending his summer vacation at home, and was signed by Captain Wainwright to play at centre for the First Team. He has started practicing.

William Bennison, the clever little forward of the First Team, has improved greatly since last year in his goal throwing, and also in passing, he does especially fine. He is thought to be the finest goal thrower that has ever appeared on the Mutes' floor.

John P. Walker, Superintendent of the Institution, presented the teams with a new basket-ball which cost \$5.00, and both teams seem to be very proud of their new ball, and all the players of both team's kindly return great thanks to Mr. Walker.

On the evening of the 22nd of October, the First Team of the Mutes met and defeated the strong Prospect A. C. (which is said to be from the City League) after an exciting game from start to finish, and a hard one too. The Prospect A. C. took the lead in the first half by the score 6 to 1 and every one thought that it was a sure victory, for the Prospect A. C., but when the second half began, the Mutes braced up and then broke away from the visiting team and, after about ten minutes play, the two clever forwards started to shooting goals and before the second half concluded, the Mutes took the lead by the score of 9 to 8. After the game, every one was surprised to find that the Mutes had gained such a victory after almost a shut-out in the first half. Powell, Kickers, Timm, Bennison, and Wainwright did especially fine work.

The result of the game between the Prospect A. C. and the Mutes was the biggest surprise to both sides played in the Mutes gymnasium, since the opening of the season.

## School - Room.

Conducted by R. B. Lloyd, A.B.

### Work of Backward Class—Nominally Second Year.

#### JOURNAL.

To-day is Friday, Sept. 21st.  
Yesterday was Thursday.  
Tomorrow will be Saturday.  
There will be no school tomorrow.  
It is pleasant to-day.  
It is warm.  
The grass is green.  
The leaves are green.  
The boys and girls play in the yard every day.  
School began September 12th.  
Our school hours are 8.15 to 12.25 and 2 to 4 o'clock.  
We had breakfast at 6.30.  
We had dinner at 12.30.  
We will have supper at 5.30.  
We will study our lessons in the chapel at seven o'clock.  
Miss Tilson will have charge of the pupils this evening.  
I will go to bed at 8 o'clock.  
There are nine boys and five girls in my class.  
I work in the shoe shop.  
Mr. Whalen teaches me to mend shoes.  
We are going to the fair next Friday.  
It is two miles to the fair grounds.  
I can walk to the fair grounds.  
Some boys and girls will ride in a trolley-car.  
We will see many things at the fair.  
Mr. Lloyd has a bicycle.  
I have no bicycle.  
Some of the pupils have not come back to school yet.  
Mrs. Keeler has gone to Iowa to teach the deaf.  
We have two new teachers.  
Their names are Miss Wood and Miss Olin.

#### Questions.

What is your name?  
Where do you live?  
What is your father's name?  
How many brothers and sisters have you?  
What day is to-day?  
Who is the superintendent?  
Where is your school?  
What is it called?  
When did you go to the fair?  
Where do you work?  
In what class are you?  
Who had charge of the pupils last evening?  
Where is Mr. Porter?  
What does Miss Fitzpatrick do?  
How far is it to the fair grounds?  
Are your parents living?  
Can you do sums?  
How many hands have you?  
How many thumbs have you?  
How many fingers have you?  
How many fingers have two boys?  
How many wings has a bird?  
How many wings have three birds?  
How many feet have three horses?  
What does a cow eat?  
Where are her horns?  
What is cow's flesh called?  
What is a baby cow called?  
What does a cow give us?  
What are made from milk?

#### What Did — Do?

He *opened* the door.  
He *opened* the umbrella.  
He *opened* his mouth.  
She *shut* her eyes.  
She *shut* her hands.  
She *shut* the umbrella.  
He *carried* the basket on his head.  
He *carried* the stick on his shoulder.  
She *shook her finger* at Charlie Burt.  
She *shook her head*.  
He *shook his fist* at Charlie Baeder.  
He *folded* his arms.  
He *folded* the newspaper, and put it on the table.  
She *covered* the basket *with* a towel.  
She *covered* her face *with* her hands.  
He *wiped* his feet *on* the mat.  
He *wiped* the slate *with* a towel.  
He *stuck* a pin *in* the door.  
He *stuck* a piece of paper in a crack.  
He *spread* the towel on the table.  
She *held up* her hands.  
He *tied* Charlie's hands behind him.  
She *shook hands* with me.  
She *ticked* him with a feather.  
She *shook* the cloth out of the window.  
He *upset* the basket.  
He *pushed* John off his seat.  
He *pounded* the table with his fist.

#### I

#### Filling Blanks.

1. \_\_\_\_\_ eats hay.
2. \_\_\_\_\_ eats meat.
3. \_\_\_\_\_ eats apples.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ makes a nest.
5. \_\_\_\_\_ washes his face.
6. \_\_\_\_\_ washes her hands.
7. \_\_\_\_\_ barks at a cat.
8. \_\_\_\_\_ climbs a tree.
9. \_\_\_\_\_ hooks a dog with her horns.
10. \_\_\_\_\_ strikes another boy with his fist.
11. \_\_\_\_\_ takes off her hat.
12. \_\_\_\_\_ puts on his coat.
13. \_\_\_\_\_ licks her kitten.
14. \_\_\_\_\_ rides on horseback.
15. \_\_\_\_\_ laps milk.
16. \_\_\_\_\_ gives us milk.
17. \_\_\_\_\_ picks apples.
18. \_\_\_\_\_ drives a horse.
19. \_\_\_\_\_ looks at the pictures.
20. \_\_\_\_\_ plays with a doll.

#### II

1. \_\_\_\_\_ eats bread.
2. \_\_\_\_\_ eat bread.
3. \_\_\_\_\_ drinks water.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ drink water.
5. \_\_\_\_\_ writes letters.
6. \_\_\_\_\_ write letters.
7. \_\_\_\_\_ draws a wagon.
8. \_\_\_\_\_ draw wagons.
9. \_\_\_\_\_ sets type.
10. \_\_\_\_\_ set type.
11. \_\_\_\_\_ makes shoes.
12. \_\_\_\_\_ make shoes.
13. \_\_\_\_\_ plays ball.
14. \_\_\_\_\_ play ball.
15. \_\_\_\_\_ rolls a hoop.
16. \_\_\_\_\_ roll hoops.
17. \_\_\_\_\_ skips the rope.
18. \_\_\_\_\_ skip the rope.
19. \_\_\_\_\_ washes her hands.
20. \_\_\_\_\_ wash their hands.

#### III

1. A boy fell — his chair.

2. A little boy fell — the water.
3. A boy threw a stone — a dog and hurt it.
4. A careless boy broke a window — a ball.
5. Mr. Walker shook hands — a lady.
6. A man shook his fist — another man.
7. A lady put her hat — a bandbox.
8. I took a book — the table.
9. A dog ran — a cat.
10. A man carried a bag — his back.
11. The girls sat — the tree.
12. I bought a ball — ten cents.
13. Tillie sits — Ella.
14. A horse jumped — the fence.
15. A baby fell — its cradle.
16. A dog jumped — the water.

#### IV

1. \_\_\_\_\_ cut \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_ put \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_ put \_\_\_\_\_ under \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_ put \_\_\_\_\_ behind \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_ wrote \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_
6. \_\_\_\_\_ wrote \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_
7. \_\_\_\_\_ wrote \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_
8. \_\_\_\_\_ covered \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_
9. \_\_\_\_\_ tore \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_
10. \_\_\_\_\_ broke \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_
11. \_\_\_\_\_ killed \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_
12. \_\_\_\_\_ bought \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_
13. \_\_\_\_\_ sold \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_
14. \_\_\_\_\_ paid \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_
15. \_\_\_\_\_ asked \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_
16. \_\_\_\_\_ carried \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_
17. \_\_\_\_\_ carried \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_
18. \_\_\_\_\_ lifted \_\_\_\_\_ upon \_\_\_\_\_
19. \_\_\_\_\_ took \_\_\_\_\_ off \_\_\_\_\_
20. \_\_\_\_\_ took \_\_\_\_\_ out of \_\_\_\_\_
21. \_\_\_\_\_ threw \_\_\_\_\_ out of \_\_\_\_\_
22. \_\_\_\_\_ threw \_\_\_\_\_ over \_\_\_\_\_
23. \_\_\_\_\_ threw \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_
24. \_\_\_\_\_ ate \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_
25. \_\_\_\_\_ covered \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_
26. \_\_\_\_\_ bit \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_

#### THE GRASS.

The grass is green.  
The grass is pretty.  
The grass is short.  
Horses eat grass.  
Cows eat grass.  
We do not eat grass.  
The grass grows.

#### THE APPLE.

The apple is round.  
It is good to eat.  
It has a stem.  
It has seeds inside.  
I can roll the apple.  
I can cut it with a knife.  
It grew on an apple-tree.  
I like to eat apples.

#### THE VIOLET.

The violet is a flower.  
The violet is purple.  
The violet has a stem.  
The stem is green.  
The violet is pretty.  
The violet grows in May.  
The violet grows in the grass.  
I like to pick violets.

#### FRITZ.

George has a dog.  
The dog's name is Fritz.  
Fritz can jump.  
He can run.  
He can bark.  
He can roll over and over.  
He has short hair.  
He is a yellow dog.  
He is a good dog.  
He is never cross.  
He never bit anybody.  
He will gnaw a bone.



## Deaf Women and Their Work.

BY MISS HYPATIA BOYD.

### WATER-COLOR PAINTING.

"So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive;—  
Would that the little flowers were born to live  
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;  
That to this mountain-daisy's self were known,  
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow thrown  
On the smooth surface of this naked stone."  
—Wordsworth.

IN speaking of the unlimited delights to be found in flower-painting, it may be pardonable, if for the sake of accuracy, one prefers to confine the trend of thoughts to personal experience, now and then consulting famous authorities, as may be necessary. The palette and brushes, as well as ink-sketches, were for a long time my leisure-hour occupations, but as time pressed, I found water-color painting very convenient and fascinating.

Water-colors, however, do not extend so far back to antiquity for their invention as is the case with oil-colors. Indeed, for a long time, from the seventeenth century until the beautiful works of Bartholomew were first exhibited, water-color painting was a dead art. Nevertheless, each succeeding year, finds the art becoming more and more popular, chiefly on account of the delicacy, the richness, transparency and depth of its tones. Furthermore, the preparation required in the use of water-colors, is so convenient and simple that it is worth while for one to cultivate the art, with or without the aid of a teacher.

The first thing to know is that the qualifications required are usually accuracy in perception,—that is both in observing and drawing, or representing an object on paper, as well as having a hand that neither trembles or wavers, but holds the pencil or brush with confidence and firmness. If one has these requirements, but no considerable talent, there is no reason why such a person should not cultivate art if she wishes to do so. It does not always require talent to study art, to master Greek or Chinese. Neither do we love art for the sake of art alone, nor do we go to college merely for the sake of knowledge or to win a degree. If we did, (and unfortunately some persons do) we would be doing ourselves and others a great wrong. For what is education or art, but to teach us that love is the greatest thing in the world? Knowledge or art without any aim of love in it, is like sealing our ears, our eyes, against the sufferings and sorrows of humanity, and the pathetic appeals for human love and sympathy. And what is the result? We permit ourselves to become hardened to the woes of the world, we become narrow-minded and selfish, and finally we lose love, which is the severest punishment that can be inflicted. But love art for the sake of helping humanity, of right living, and behold what a beautiful, beneficial change there is! Truly humility is a noble virtue.

But to return to the subject in hand. Before learning to paint, beginners in art learn the elements and principles of drawing, and also do considerable practice in free-hand drawing. Pen and ink drawings from nature or from copies are also pleasures which greatly encourage one's powers of accurate observations. However, for those who cannot draw free-hand, there is facility in what is known as "tracing," but free-hand drawing is much to be preferred, as the latter is in itself good training, and tends to render one more careful.

Before selecting some simple flower for a trial study in water-color painting, it will be well to speak of the paraphernalia needed. First, there is the paper which is of great importance, as on it the success of the painting may largely depend. There are different qualities of paper suitable for water-colors; some of them are hot-pressed, and some are sold in blocks. But Whatman's Medium Not (*i.e.*, not hot-pressed) is by some regarded as the best, the argument being that its surface holds the colors well. Before the colors can be put on the paper it must be subject to what is termed the principle of "straining," which is executed as follows: Sponge the paper lightly on both sides, and then glue it by the edges,

## Types of Children of Deaf Parents.



Silent Worker Eng.

WILLIE ALBERT MILES.

son of Mr. and Mrs. William Miles, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Miles was formerly a pupil of the New Jersey School, and her maiden name was Lucy Blackwell.

while still damp to a convenient board (the one I use is an ordinary hard-wood moulding-board.) As the paper becomes dry, it is stretched out flat on the board and does not crumble, or lose its flat surface, when the paints are put on.

As to pencils, an ordinary drawing-pencil which does not give too heavy an outline, or a piece of charcoal will do. For erasing purposes, a crumb of stale bread is very useful, as also is an india-rubber in some cases. The brushes are generally two or three flat sables of different sizes, but I know of one young lady who finds a number six and a number two sable sufficient for all purposes. A set of twelve to fifteen water-colors will do very well for a beginner to start with. These colors are vermilion, yellow-ochre, indian-red, cobalt, gamboge, Prussian blue, ivory black, crimson-lake, Vandyke brown, emerald green, burnt sienna, light red, Chinese white, rose-madder. These colors are generally sold in a box, the inner side of the upper lid of which is so made as to be suitable for palette purposes. Again, the respective cases of the colors in the set are appropriately labelled, so that the beginner will not commit the mistake of selecting one color in place of another.

Now arrange your desk so that not only will the surface be slightly tilted, but the light from the window will come over your shoulder while you are working. Next get a glass of pure water to be used for making washes, by dipping your brush in the water as frequently as required, mixing a tint, or making a wash on the palette, and applying to the painting and so forth. Next, procure a spray of blue forget-me-nots if possible, and arrange against a suitable back-ground. As flowers quickly perish, it is better not to try to do more than can be done in a given time, morning or afternoon. But if the flowers cannot be had in fresh form, a colored plate or study of the same can be found on some of the highly-prized valentines one usually receives, or in some art-magazine or art-store.

After having drawn or "traced" on the strained paper, the general mass, the flowers and principal leaves with one's utmost care and whatever variety possible, one's interest in the work may be greatly stimulated by the following account of how the forget-me-nots came by their tender name. A certain German legend has it, that many years ago, two devoted lovers, happy in the thought that they would be married on the next day, were wandering arm in arm by the beautiful Danube, as lovers are wont to do. That their hearts were full of rapturous bliss, and their tender, softly spoken words of endearment were sweeter than ever, it needs but the victims of Cupid, to fully testify. But alas! for the short-lived happiness of mortals! It so happened that at this time, the Danube had become flooded by the recent rains, and as the lovers were walking along its banks, the fair bride noticed on the waves close to the shore a bunch of blue flowers. To her lover she expressed her admiration for

these flowers, and also regretted their being washed away. Thereupon the lover, ever ready to please his lady's slightest wish, leaped from the bank, seized the coveted flowers, but unhappily, he lost his footing and sank in the stream. As he rose, he summoned all his failing strength, and threw the flowers at his sweet-heart's feet, and then, as he sank for the last time, he cried out: "*Vergiss mein nicht*," and since that time the flower has ever been known as the charming forget-me-not.

And now we will return to the drawing. If any of the outlines are too dark, rub a little bread over it. Then get your brushes ready for use. Most authorities do not agree as to the best way of beginning a painting; some prefer putting in the back-ground the first thing, while others leave that for the last moment or do without it. In case you wish to begin with the back-ground, prepare a wash that closely resembles the tint desired. Then put it on the paper holding your brush somewhat as you would a pen, and do not fear to dip it in the water freely. However, care must be taken that the water in the glass must be kept clear, therefore, a good quantity of it should be kept on hand, for in that case it will not so quickly assume a muddy appearance.

Now having prepared the wash desired, begin at the top of the paper with a full brush, and work from left to right and downwards, care being exercised not to go over any portion again until it is quite dry, or the result will be a discouraging piece of patch-work. In a wash of several tints, delicate gradation is required, and when a light tint is needed at the lowest portion of a wash, turn the paper upside down.

One painter suggests the following back-ground for forget-me-nots. First wash,—cobalt, yellow-ochre and light red. This must be put on with a full brush and kept off the leaves and flowers. When this is dry, the same colors should be used on the darker parts around the flowers.

The light parts of the leaves are painted with cobalt and a little yellow-ochre. For the green, mix cobalt and gamboge, adding Antwerp blue for the darker portions. For shady places, use cobalt, raw-sienna, brown-madder, Vandyke brown and gamboge, where it may be needed. When you have finished painting for the time being, do not leave your brushes full of color, or in the water; but clean them carefully, and put them away in the box in such a manner that the hairs will not become bent. As Christmas is near, water-color paintings of flowers or landscapes will make very acceptable presents and for those persons who desire further studies in water-colors, considerable aid may be obtained by consulting the art-magazines, or better still by pursuing a course in some school of art and by visiting art-galleries.

It is also interesting to note, that one of the American ladies who were besieged in Peking, took several water-color sketches of the buildings, and so forth, even while in the midst of great danger. I have seen illustrations of these paintings, and the incident shows that water-colors are far more convenient than are oil-colors.

HYPATIA BOYD.

[A. H. and others, who took pains to note the few inaccuracies in the article on "Concerning Art," are informed that they were due to the fact that there had been no time to send the proof-sheet of the article in question to Miss Boyd, else she would have detected and corrected them.—PUBLISHER SILENT WORKER.]

## THE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF IN CHINA IS SAFE.

IN China there is only one American teacher of the deaf, by the name of Mrs. Annetta Mills. Her friends in this country are very solicitous for her welfare during the rebellion in China. She reports that all is quiet in Chefoo and that she feels quite secure with two gunboats always in the harbor. In case of trouble the Americans and Japanese will take the port. In spite of exciting reports of persecution in the neighborhood, she is rapidly pushing a new building to completion for the opening of school about this time of the year.—*North Dakota Banner*.

## THE DEAF AND INSANITY.

OUR attention has recently been called to newspaper items announcing the commitment of two deaf persons to one of the state hospitals for the insane. Both these persons, a young man and a young woman, were formerly pupils in this school. While here, neither one gave the slightest indication of mental aberration. Both were of an inferior grade of intelligence, and when they left us, neither could converse intelligibly in written English, on any but the simplest subjects, and their knowledge in other matters was correspondingly limited. The only means by which one could communicate with them with any degree of facility, was the sign-language.

It is natural that deaf persons such as these, isolated from their kind among those who could not understand them and whom they could not understand, would have many bitter experiences. And that such was the case as regards these persons, we have testimony from private sources to prove. The young man lived in one of the larger towns of the state. He endeavored to earn an honest living by selling newspapers on the streets, and by doing odd jobs. But the street boys made him their butt, and teased him so unmercifully that he was driven into fits of rage. A poorly-educated deaf person, when enraged by the teasing of hearing boys, and able to retort only by means of gestures, may easily be looked upon as mentally unsound by the uninformed; whereas, the unfortunate person is simply giving expression to his anger in the most forcible manner at his command, and where a hearing person, similarly aroused, would vent himself in curses.

The young woman lived on a farm, and had to do hard work. She had no enjoyment at all. She never met and talked with deaf friends, and not allowed to share in the social gatherings of the country people. On the Fourth of July, when all the rest of the family went to town to have a good time, she was left at home alone. Such treatment was naturally resented by her, as it would be by any human being with a modicum of intelligence. Her resentment took such form that at last her parents asked to have her committed to the hospital for the insane, and it was done.

These two persons may be, and probably are, so deranged as to render it unsafe to themselves or to others, for them to be at large. But we know of a case, occurring a few years ago, in which a young man was committed to the hospital for the insane on complaint of his father, when he really was not demented at all. Some time after his commitment, a person whom he knew and who understood the sign-language, visited the hospital, and the young man made an appeal for help. It was the first chance for a hearing that he had had. The Judge of Probate and doctors who committed him knew nothing of signs. The people at the hospital were in the same condition of ignorance. When the deaf young man tried to state his case in English, the incoherency of his words and sentences but added strength to the conviction that he was insane.

But his appeal was carried to others. A teacher from Faribault, with his wife, called at the hospital to see the young man. A conversation convinced them that he was entirely sane. The case was agitated, with the result that the young man was set free, and is now getting along all right.

We believe that cases of genuine insanity among the deaf are not so common as among hearing people. The very fact of their deafness, which narrows their experiences, lessens, we believe, the possible causes of insanity.

Be this as it may, we do not think that any deaf person should be committed to a hospital for the insane without a fair and careful examination. And no examination can be fair and careful in which the deaf person is not allowed to testify in his own behalf and in his own language. If a foreigner is examined for insanity, an interpreter is provided. Courts of law now require that interpreters be provided for deaf persons on trial for crime. The same privilege must be granted in cases of examination for insanity. Confinement in state prison is not nearly so fearful as the commitment of a possibly sane

person to a hospital for the insane. The educated deaf people of Minnesota, and of other states also, should agitate this matter, and endeavor to see that justice is done to their class. And the basic principle of their agitation should be this: No person, or persons, is competent to render a fair decision as to the sanity or insanity of a deaf man or woman without the concurrent testimony of one who understands the deaf and their language.—*Minnesota Companion*.

## HELEN KELLER'S ADMISSION TO RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

HELEN KELLER, the blind girl, has been admitted to the Radcliffe College, Cambridge, having entered with flying colors, passing in advanced Latin "with credit," and in advanced Greek, which her tutor regarded as her "star" subject, with the "B." The examination papers were in the Braille raised point system and the answers she wrote upon a type writer, in the use of which she is an expert. Her teachers say that, while at "snap" questions she has no more aptitude than the majority of her fellow students, when she has time enough she greatly outstrips them in the quality of her work. Upon history she will write booksful, and she has to be stopped in her dissertations upon Pericles or Cicero. Besides passing in all the required subjects, Miss Keller entered Radcliffe with a course or two to the good. Freshman English and advanced French were "anticipated," or taken in advance, by her. Of the subjects which this remarkable girl is now studying, perhaps the most difficult for her to receive is the course called French 2A in Harvard and Radcliffe, a course conducted in French which deals with prose and poetry of La Fontaine, Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Alfred Dedeussat and Taine. This is a full course and has three hours a week of recitation work. At the lectures Helen is invariably accompanied by Miss Sullivan, who sits close beside her and gives her in the manual language whatever the instructor may be saying. The German course, which Helen has elected is conducted mainly in English, but a great deal of difficult Schiller is read in the course of a year, and several German themes are required. The history course elected by Miss Keller is conducted by Prof. Archibald Cary Coolidge, a son of our late Minister to France. For all Helen Keller's remarkable intellectuality, she is, in the main, just a pleasant, normal girl, enthusiastic, fond of fun and delighting in social pleasures. She is very popular with her college mates, and many of them are learning the manual language in order that they may hold ready intercourse with her. She sews, crochets and embroiders quite like an old-fashioned girl. And, most marvelous of all, she plays a capital game of chess. All in all, Helen Keller is, without doubt, the most wonderful college girl the world has yet seen.—*Associated Press*.

## EARLY HISTORY OF THE ILLINOIS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

THE notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Officer, ex-superintendent of our school, which appears elsewhere in this issue, was prepared by Mr. C. Spruit, formerly of Council Bluffs and an old-time friend of the deceased. Mr. Spruit not long ago met Mr. Officer in Council Bluffs and the latter knowing that Mr. Spruit had just returned from this school, was very much interested in hearing of his old associates and of the many changes that had taken place since his last visit along in the 60's. It may be said in this connection that when Mr. Officer took charge of this school in 1845 as its first superintendent, the date of the opening of school was published in the newspapers of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin, but on the opening day not a single pupil was in attendance. So Mr. Officer started on a search for them. He found the names of twelve, whose parents promised to send them, but at the appointed time not one showed up. However, by the last of January, 1846, four names were on the roll and in the Spring five more pupils came. During the summer Mr. Officer set out again on a search through the state and was so successful in securing promises of attendance that an additional teacher was engaged. During its second term the school had fourteen pupils. In three

years the building which it was thought would do for many years to come, was over-crowded though only sixty were present. So in December, 1848, the directors applied to the General Assembly for and received an appropriation to extend it. The first teacher secured was Thomas H. Dunlap, a deaf-mute, but he remained only a year. His place was taken by another deaf-mute, Nathan M. Totten, from New York. As he had some knowledge of cabinet-making he taught the boys in that trade in addition to his labors in the school room. Mr. Officer, discouraged by outside interference, resigned in 1855 and the Rev. Newton Cloud, president of the Board, consented to act as principal temporarily until a qualified superintendent could be found. Dr. P. G. Gillett, then but a beardless youth teaching in the Indiana school, was nominated and accepted the position. For some thirty-six years he was in charge and under his superintendency this school became one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world. Mr. S. T. Walker succeeded Dr. Gillett in 1893 and was himself succeeded by the present superintendent, Dr. J. C. Gordon, who entered upon his duties in July 1897. Dr. Gordon, having been identified with the education of the deaf for more than a quarter of a century, came to this school with a rich experience and the advancement that has been made under his administration of three years has been phenomenal. The present term opened with 517 pupils in attendance, by far the largest enrollment ever known for the opening day.—*The New Era*.

## THE SCHOOL PAPER.

"WHEN we see a school paper blowing a continuous blast on 'progress,' printing a 'roll of honor' and preaching lessons of morality at pleasant intervals, presenting the entire spread in such blurred and slovenly print that half of it is illegible, we are inclined to think that the 'progress' is largely visionary and that the distinction of being on the 'roll of honor' surely can't act as much of a stimulus on the pupils where they must have trouble in reading even their own names. Appearances may have a tendency to mislead, but we do not think appearances of this sort will cause us to wander far from the facts."

There are very few of the school papers that merit this condemnation of their typographical appearance which we quote from a recent editorial in the *California News*. The great majority are better printed than might reasonably be expected, considering that the work is done by mere children with but a limited knowledge of the English language and a short apprenticeship to the trade. But we may all profit by the suggestion therein made of the importance to the school of maintaining as high a standard of excellence as possible. Almost every one of our large institutions for the deaf now issues a weekly, bi-weekly or monthly publication, with the purpose, as uniformly announced in the prospectus, of teaching the printing trade, promoting the mental improvement of the pupils, and representing the school before the general public. If, after such a proclamation, there is sent out to all parts of the State and the country a flimsy, carelessly printed, poorly edited sheet, it is only fair to assume that the indifference to appearances and lack of conscientiousness thus manifested is reflected in the work of the school less exposed to public criticism, and thus its reputation is seriously affected among the parents of pupils, legislators, and other interested persons.

The *News* speaks only of the typographical appearance of the paper, but, in our opinion its contents are even a better index of the spirit that rules the school and of the character of the work accomplished. When an institution for the deaf recognizes that the sole excuse for its existence is the improvement of its pupils and bends all its energies—directs all its resources—to the attainment of this end, the importance of the aid that may be given through the publication it controls will not be overlooked; and while the purpose may be manifested in a variety of ways, it will be evident in almost every line the paper contains. Such a school will not permit the columns of its paper to be filled with stories clipped at random from the patent outside of country exchanges, interspersed with coarse jokes, slangy expressions and horse wit. While it may properly con-



cern itself with the interests of its graduates, and aim to keep them in touch with the school and to gratify their reasonable desire for information regarding old friends and schoolmates it will not cultivate or pander to depraved taste by the publication of idle gossip, the details of divorce court proceedings, accounts of crime or of the hoidenish pranks of overgrown boys and girls, simply because one or more of the participants happens to be deaf. Whatever excuse the daily press may have for catering to the demands of its readers does not apply to a school paper, whose aim should be always and in everything to instruct and to elevate.—*Mt. Airy World*.

## All Sorts.

Pittsburg has a new paper for the deaf. It is issued monthly and is called *Man and the Deaf*. It contains 24 pages 6x8½ inches and is edited by Charles Depew. The subscription price is \$1 a year. Mr. Depew announces that the name, title page and contents, have been copyrighted and that all rights are reserved. We hope the new paper will have all the success it deserves.—*The Western Pennsylvanian*.

The Wisconsin school received thirty-nine new pupils at the opening of its school session on September 12th.

Miss Sorrenson, instructor in Art at the Wisconsin School, has been allowed a year's absence in order to spend the coming year in France for the study of art.

It is said that the venerable Rev. Turner has sailed for Europe, where he will spend two months traveling. He is about eighty years old now, but hale and hearty as ever.

Miss Mann, after teaching at the American School at Hartford, for forty-five years, has resigned and will go to California to live with her relatives.

The Kentucky School at Danville, sends three of her pupils to Gallaudet College this Fall.

Mr. Thomas S. McAloney, who has taught successfully at the Belfast, Canada, New Jersey Alabama and Kentucky institutions for the deaf, is now the Superintendent of the Montana School for the Deaf and Blind.

A physician in Georgia claims to have restored to several deaf-mutes almost perfect hearing and speech. Verily the day of miracles is still with us.—*The Wisconsin Times*.

Another young deaf man has gained for himself distinction and notoriety by inventing a canning machine that will revolutionize the salmon canning industry. The young inventor's name is Henry Guenther and he is a graduate of the Washington school.—*Wisconsin Times*.

A grand charity ball is proposed to be given for the benefit of the Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf the coming winter.—*Michigan Mirror*.

It is reported that the eldest daughter of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell is soon to be married to a son of Prof. A. Grosvenor, of Amherst College.

A new building is in course of construction at the Winnipeg School to accommodate the increasing number of pupils in attendance. It will be about seventy feet square and four stories in height, and will cost about \$300,000.—*Michigan Mirror*.

Fritz Schneider, of Berlin, Germany, a deaf sculptor, was recently commissioned by the town of Waltenburg to execute a statue of Bismarck. The statue, which is four metres high, in bronze, has just been erected. It represents Bismarck in a standing posture, both hands resting on a sabre.

According to the *British Deaf Monthly* every deaf child in Sweden has to attend school from the age of seven or eight years. They are taught on the combined system. There is no "higher education" for the deaf, but they are taught trades, chiefly tailoring, shoemaking and carpentering. There are some 6,000 deaf persons in Sweden. They have an association of 6000 members, with a capital of over 50,000 kroner. Teachers of the deaf do not fraternize with the adult deaf in that country.

*The New Era*, published at the Illinois Institution at Jacksonville, comes to us this Fall very much improved in typographical appearance.

The Michigan school's new school building was thrown open for occupancy in the middle of September. The building is known as "Brown Hall," and is said to be the finest building for school-room purposes of any other school for deaf-mutes in this country.

The St. Louis day school for the deaf is to have a manual training department. Carpentry sewing and cooking will be taught.

At Pasewalk (Pomerania, Germany), a deaf physician Dr. Neffenheimer, is in successful practice according to the *British Deaf Monthly*. He communicates with his patients by means of writing, and the Pasewalk folk have much confidence in him. After passing through university course at Heidelberg and Mannheim, he graduated in the university of his native town doctor of medicine. He subsequently lost his hearing, but preserved his ability to speak. His demeanour is genial. He is earning distinction, especially in chirurgery.

Mr. Hunter S. Edington, formerly of *The Optic*, has been given a life-time position in the Government Printing Department at Washington, D. C. His family moved to Washington the latter part of August.—*Arkansas Optic*.

The New York papers are full of praise of Luther Taylor, the deaf pitcher of the New York League Club. Taylor hails from the Sunflower State.—*Missouri Record*.

The New York *Journal* names a New Yorker, Theo. S. Rose, to offset the Illinoisian whom Miss Hypatia Boyd claimed to be an expert at fancy work. We think St. Louis also has a masculine adept with the needle in the person of Charles Wolff.—*Missouri Record*.

Montford U. Nickey has been, for the past nine years in charge of the Tipton city electric lighting plant according to the Indiana correspondent of the *Deaf World*, and is an electrician of no mean ability. He is probably the only deaf-mute holding a position of responsibility of that character.

Mr. Frank Read, of Jacksonville, Illinois, who founded the *Advance*, one of the first papers published at a school for the deaf in this country, has retired from the editorial field and his paper has been turned over to the Illinois school. Mr. Read was at all times kindly and courteous in expressing his views and his fellow members of the little paper family have a high regard for him.—*Kentucky Standard*.

In addition to the above, it may be said that Mr. Read, on account of ill health, has been granted leave of absence, from school room duties for one year, together with his salary. Mr. R. has held the position of teacher there for 35 years, and is justly entitled to this gracious respite and generous consideration.—*The Deaf Hawkeye*.

During vacation Mr. d'Estrella, of the California School, visited Yosemite Valley, and while there, an old Indian dropped in at the camp in a lurking fashion. Two of the men went and talked to him, but the red man answered only in sullen monosyllables. The writer began to talk in signs to him, and the latter opened his eyes, grinned and answered in signs more intelligibly than he had spoken.—*The Michigan Mirror*.

There is a congregation of deaf Lutherans to the number of forty-one in Milwaukee, Wis. With the help of other Lutherans, they have secured money enough to purchase a lot, and will raise more to build a church on it.—*The Michigan Mirror*.

## Bits of Science.

EDITED BY R. B. LLOYD, A.B.

**Origin Of Tobacco.**—An ancient tradition related that there was once a Mohammedan passing along, who found a viper lying in his path, almost chilled to death. In pity, the Moslem stopped and picked up the serpent and put it into his bosom to warm it. After a while, the viper fully revived and became aware of its situation. He said to the man, "I'm going to bite you." "O no, please don't," said the man, "if I had not taken you up and warmed you, you would even now have been chilled to death." The viper replied, "There has been a deadly enmity existing between your race and mine ever since the world began, and, by Allah, I am going to bite you." "Very well," said the man, "since you have sworn by Allah, I will not prevent you, but bite me here on my hand." He did so, and the man immediately placed the wound to his lips and sucked the venom out and spit it on the ground; and from the place where he spit the poison a little plant sprang up, which was—tobacco.—*Messenger*.

**Water Caused The Fire.**—A Curious accident was reported from Dayton, O., recently, in which water caused a fire. The Craig-Reynolds shops in North Dayton were flooded with ten feet of water which reached some packages of carbide of calcium. This formed acetylene gas, causing several explosions and a fierce blaze. The department had to fight the flames from boats. The damage was \$10,000.—*Scientific American*.

**Mysterious Glass Balls.**—The small island of Billiton, between Sumatra and Borneo, has long been famous for its rich tin-mines, which are controlled by the Dutch government. In describing the geology of Billiton before the Royal Academy of Sciences in Amsterdam recently, Mr. Verbeek gave an account of the mysterious glass balls of Billiton, which are found among some of tin ore deposits. They are round, with grooved surfaces. Similar balls are occasionally found in Borneo and Java, as well as in Australia. Mr. Verbeek thinks they cannot be artificial, there are no volcanoes near enough to support the theory that they are volcanic bombs. Besides, he says the glassy rocks produced by the nearest volcanoes are quite different in their nature from the material of the balls. He suspected that the mysterious objects were ejected, ages ago, from the volcanoes of the moon, and afterward fell upon the earth.—*Youth's Companion*.

**Fresh Water Under Sea Level.**—The peculiar system by which the city of Amsterdam obtains its water supply from the sand dunes bordering on the sea is probably not exceeded in scientific interest by any other method in any part of the globe. These dunes are composed of sand blown up from the seashore, their basis also consisting of sand, although this is mixed with

peat at some points, and at the sea level layers of compressed peat are frequently found. It is noticeable too, that these peat layers are never found on the sides of the dunes next the sea. The rainfall in the dunes percolates through the sand and flows landward and seaward, so that the surfaces is a cone whose apex is the summit of the dune, which, sloping both ways, forms a continuous watershed. Now, not only is the dune water fresh above sea level, but it is perfectly fresh to a depth of some sixty-six feet below sea level.—*Sun*.

**Floors Made Of Paper.**—The newest floor is of paper and is of German importation. The paper is imported in a dusty, powdery form, and is then mixed with a kind of cement which gives substance to the impalpable stuff and a plaster-like appearance.

It is said that when the floor is laid, the absence of joints and seams like those of the hard wood floors is a distinct improvement, and without the inconvenience of catching dirt. The paste of which the floor is composed is laid on and then rolled out with a heavy roller, specially adapted for the purpose, something like the street roller for asphalt. The floor, when smooth, hard and dry, is either stained or painted to match or contrast with the wood-work of the room, walnut, cherry or mahogany stain, giving it an appearance like the natural wood.

While there are many advantages to this paper floor, a disadvantage to the sensitive is its pliable feel to the feet, for no matter how hard it is rolled it has always an unnatural sensation to one who walks over it.—*Herald*.

**Human Odors.**—The odor emitted by man has been held by Prof. Jages to vary according to the moral qualities of the individual. While not concerning himself with this view Dr. A. Betke, a German physiologist has made experiments that lead him to declare that every person has his own peculiar scent, and he believes that there is also a family scent, of which every member partakes to a greater or less degree, and which is never completely lost by long and wide separation. Yet he maintains that the human scent is not born with us, but is acquired. The individual odor can be distinguished not only by a dog but also by some persons of exceptionally well developed sense of smell, and one of these gifted individuals, with his eyes bandaged, successfully named more than twenty acquaintances by simply putting his nose to each in turn.

**Science And Great Cities.**—At the beginning of this century not a single city in Christendom had so many as a million inhabitants. In 1800 Paris had 548,000, and in 1801 London had 864,000. Great cities could not exist then as the advance of science has enabled them to exist today. Science has helped the cities not only by conquering pestilence, and teaching the laws of health, but by enabling them to draw their supplies from the remotest quarters of the earth instead of being dependent for food, as was the case at the opening of the century, upon the region of country immediately surrounding them.—*Youth's Companion*.

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